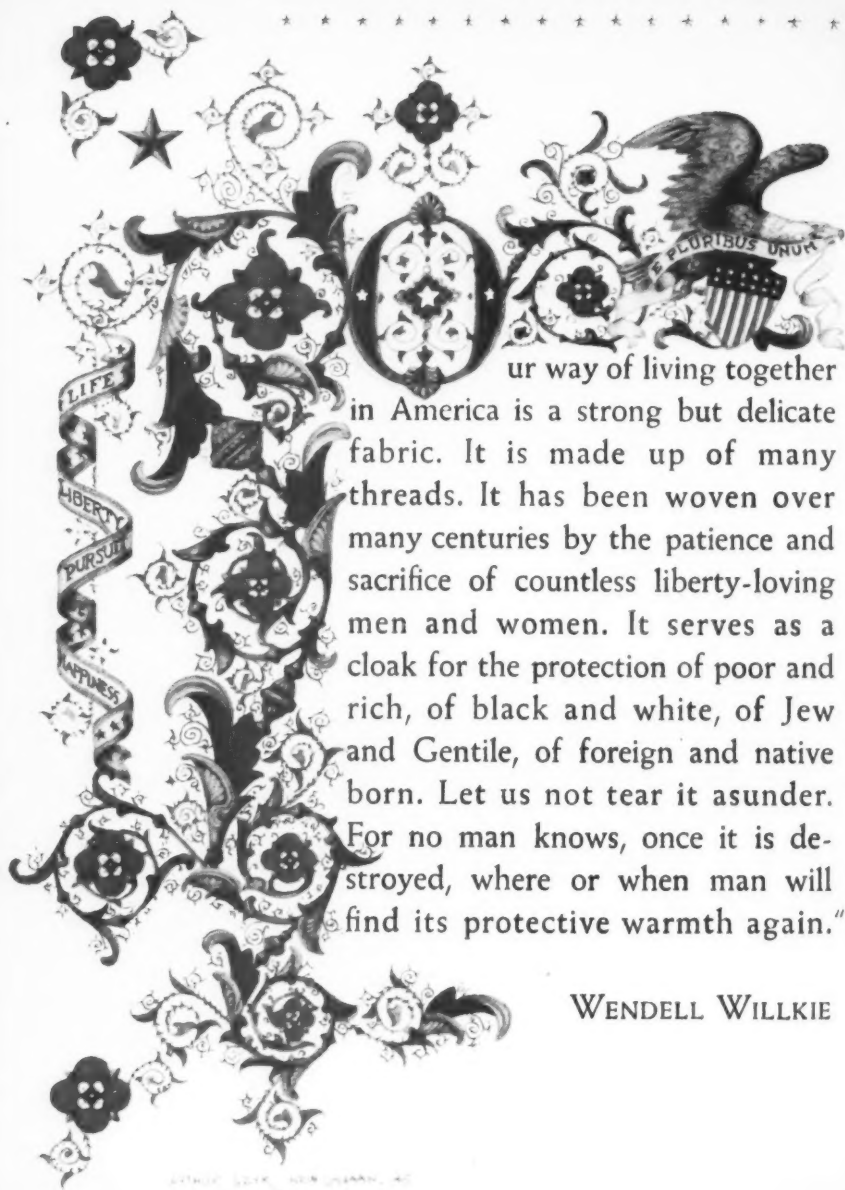


DECEMBER 25c

Coronet



A Condensation
of
BOB HOPE'S
newest best-seller
**'SO THIS
IS PEACE'**



ur way of living together in America is a strong but delicate fabric. It is made up of many threads. It has been woven over many centuries by the patience and sacrifice of countless liberty-loving men and women. It serves as a cloak for the protection of poor and rich, of black and white, of Jew and Gentile, of foreign and native born. Let us not tear it asunder. For no man knows, once it is destroyed, where or when man will find its protective warmth again."

WENDELL WILLKIE

December 7th

FIVE YEARS AGO

by CLIVE HOWARD AND JOE WHITLEY

AT SUNSET A FORMATION of Flying Fortresses soared out over San Francisco, wheeled slowly like giant birds and settled on a course straight across the Pacific toward far-flung Manila; first stop, Hawaii.

The B-17's were airborne more than 12 hours when the fingers of dawn ripped through the celophane of night. The bomber crews peered through the clouds for a sight of land. Nothing but the tumbling horizon. Far to the west, Oahu, like her sister islands, was still wrapped in darkness and silent in slumber.

Yet, even at this early hour, some men on the island were awake and active. One of these was an engineer in a Honolulu broadcasting station who, throughout the night, had been playing records of Hawaiian music to provide a homing beam for the incoming bombers.

Another was Col. William E. Farthing, base commander at Hick-

am Field. It was a new thing in December, 1941—this mass flight of giant land planes across 2,000 miles of black ocean between sunset in California and sunrise in Hawaii; new enough to keep a busy, worried commander awake most of the night and to send him down to the control tower before daylight, just to see the big bruisers come in.

It was a few minutes past 5 o'clock when Farthing stepped from his quarters into the morning freshness. Except for the eternal mists rolling along towering Koolau Range, the sky was cloudless. A soft wind stirred the palm leaves. It was Sunday, December 7, 1941.

On a lonely hill called Opana, two young soldiers rubbed their eyes. The luminous alarm clock in their tent showed 3:45 A.M. Except for the mynah birds scolding from the bushes, they were the only evidence of life in a vast panorama of sea and land. But to

Technician 3/c Joe Lockhard and Pvt. George Elliott, nothing was beautiful. They had, to their way of thinking, one of the worst jobs in the Army. They had slept the night, as they had slept every night for three months, in a tent beside an Army truck containing the instrument known as an SCR 270-B Radio Direction Finder.

Before dawn, the two men were grumbling into the business of the day, which was to probe a wide area of sea with radio waves from their finder. The theory was that if the waves encountered anything that shouldn't have been there—like a Jap battleship—they would bounce back again and make a "pip" on a screen called an oscilloscope. At five other widely separated spots on the island, other grumbling members of the Signal Aircraft Company-Hawaii went about similar duties.

Nobody in Hawaii knew much about SCR 270-B. On Thanksgiving, an alert had been called and all six stations had been kept in continuous operation until December 3. Then, as men grumbled and parts began to break, it was decided to man all stations from an hour before daylight to an hour after sunrise—4 to 7 o'clock.

About 6 o'clock, Elliott walked over to Lockard, who was staring into the oscilloscope. "Any pips?" he asked brightly.

Lockard stared sourly. No pips today. No pips yesterday. Not a single pip, in fact, in three months.

BY NOW, DAYLIGHT had come, and the sun over Honolulu met stragglers coming in from leave. Military duties had been cut to

a minimum consistent with the alert. It was Sunday after pay day and Honolulu was a good liberty town.

The clock in Hickam Control Tower stood at 5:45 when Colonel Farthing came up the stairs. Besides the regular crew, Col. Cheney L. Bertholf, adjutant general of the Hawaiian Air Forces, was in the lookout post.

"Morning!" Farthing exclaimed. "Couldn't you sleep either?"

"No, Bill. I wanted to see the B-17's come in, too."

An Army sedan from base hospital pulled up near the tower. Inside was Capt. Anthony D'Alfonso, medical officer of the day. "This will do," he said, yawning. "Got the guns loaded?"

The driver reported the guns ready. They were flit guns. It was the duty of the medical officer to spray incoming planes against insect pests. D'Alfonso settled back luxuriously in the sedan for a nap.

It was exactly 7 o'clock when, on Opana Hill, Lockard and Elliott shut their radar truck, turned the key and looked for the truck that was to take them down the mountain to breakfast. No truck.

Lockard swore. "Of all the stinking jobs in this man's Army—." He turned back toward the radar truck.

"Hey," Elliott exclaimed. "Where you going?"

"I'm supposed to give you training, ain't I?" Lockard growled. "Well, dammit, here's your chance." It was 7:02 by the time the generator had turned up to operating efficiency. Lockard peered into the oscilloscope. He couldn't believe what he saw. For the first time in three months, something was

happening. A "pip" jumped up, so big it seemed to hit him in the eye. "George!" Lockard yelled. "Hey, George! Lookit!"

Elliott came running in. He didn't know much; he didn't have to. There it was—a shadowy image shooting up and down!

"What is it?" he gasped.

"What do you think it is, coming in at 150 miles an hour—a fleet of milk wagons? It's planes, lots of 'em."

"Mark!" Lockard commanded.

Elliott placed transparent paper over the map beside Lockard.

"Mark! Time, 7:02. Miles 136."

Elliott made quick notations. "Joe, what d'ya s'pose they are?"

"Navy planes, maybe—off a carrier."

Lockard reached for the phone to the Information Center at Fort Shafter. He jiggled the hook furiously. No one answered and he took another look into the 'scope.

"Mark! 7:04. 132."

"7:04. 132."

Lockard banged the hook up

and down. "Joe! Joe McDonald!" he yelled. "Joe! Joe McDonald!"

Sweat greased his hand. "Joe!" he shouted. "Joe McDonald!" Then as the instrument on the other end clicked, Lockard sighed with relief. "Is that you, Joe?"

"Yeah, this is McDonald," an unexcited voice came back.

"Joe, it's Joe Lockard at Opana! I gotta get someone at Information Center. It's important!"

"There ain't nobody there," McDonald said, calm and unconcerned. "They closed at seven."

"Listen, Joe," Lockard pleaded, "I got to talk to an officer. I may get in trouble for this. Be a pal. Grab somebody. Anybody!"

There was silence while Lockard and Elliott watched the 'scope, fascinated. The pip continued to flare up and down, the intervals lessening as whatever caused it sped closer and closer. Suddenly the phone came to life. A new voice, crisp and authoritative: "Lieutenant Tyler, watch officer."

"Sir," said Lockard in a rush, "this is Opana SCR. A large fleet of planes appeared on the 'scope, time 7:02, miles 136, azimuth zero to 10 degrees. They've been coming closer ever since. At 7:04, they were 132."

"7:04. 132."

A long silence, then: "I see."

Lockard and Elliott waited tensely. Then the voice again. "Okay. It's okay. That's all."

The Hickam Control Tower rose about 50 feet above the ground and the crew had a broad view of Pearl Harbor and the channel past Fort Kamehameha to the sea, now visible in the morning light.

Colonel Farthing was idly scan-

As members of the Army Air Forces, Clive Howard and Joe Whitley were war-time correspondents with the Seventh Air Force. Howard, an experienced writer and public-relations man, was the editor of *Brief*, the only slick magazine published overseas for American servicemen. Whitley, a former free-lance magazine writer, saw action with the Seventh all the way from Guam to Iwo Jima. Both men are now working for the government. By special permission of the University of North Carolina Press, this article is reprinted from their forthcoming book, *One Damned Island After Another: The Saga of the Seventh*. The book, to be published at \$3.50, is copyrighted by the Army Air Forces Aid Society.

ning the sky with binoculars. He swung the glasses over into Pearl Harbor and picked up dark outlines — more battleships, cruisers and destroyers than he had ever seen before. The glasses paused on a freighter, dark against the water, which crept in from Barber's Point.

"Hello, what's that?"

"What?" asked Bertholf.

"That freighter. Her landing gear is swung outboard and there's a destroyer heading for her, blinking her lights. What's she saying?"

"W---- h---- o?" spelled out a radio operator in the tower. "The blinker is saying 'W---- h---- o.'"

"That's funny," said Farthing. "That destroyer is rushing in as though she meant business."

AT THEIR RADAR TRUCK near the tip of the island, Lockard and Elliott plotted the incoming flight until, 22 miles out, they lost it in the permanent "echo" of their own radio. Until then, the radar showed the planes speeding directly toward them, straight as bullets truly aimed.

At 7:30 exactly, the truck came to take them down to breakfast. As Lockard and Elliott hurriedly shut up shop again, the planes they had been plotting passed over their heads, high in the air. They neither saw nor heard them.

At 7:55, from their eyrie high in the control tower, Farthing and Bertholf saw a long thin line of planes approaching from Kauai.

Navy peashooters? Marine

planes? Farthing was startled out of his first observation by the sharp dart-like plunge of the line toward Pearl Harbor.

"Damned realistic maneuvers! Wonder what the Marines are doing to the Navy so early today?"

Farthing was following them with his binoculars. They weren't Marine planes. Nor Navy. Nor Army. These were single-engined with fixed undercarriages!

A short, thick, black object fell from the first plane. Another.

Bombs!

The plane zoomed and two orange-red disks flashed in the glare of the morning sun.

"Japs!"

The word was drowned in the roar as the first bomb exploded on the battleship *Arizona*.

In the brief moment when men felt the paralyzing impact of this first bomb; when they heard the first staccato bursts of machine guns; when they saw for the first time the flame and smoke of burning buildings, crumbling planes, and sinking ships; in the brief moment when the first dead sprawled in lifeless chunks and the first wounded stared at their own welling blood with dazed surprise—in that quick, terrible second, eyes did not believe what they saw, ears did not believe what they heard, and men's minds were unable to translate the sight and sound and smell, on earth and in the sky, into the simple, solid fact that This Was War!



Man is the only creature able to talk himself into difficulties that would not otherwise exist.

—DR. WENDELL JOHNSON in the *New York Times*

HOW OPEN IS YOUR MIND?

Tabloid thinking is menacing America; here's a test to see if you are guilty of it

by ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

"GOT TO GET DOWN to the office early this morning," says the businessman as he pushes back his empty coffee cup. "One of our new agents is coming in from South America. Some kind of darned foreigner!"

Those last five words are familiar. You have heard the same idea expressed—or expressed it yourself—a hundred times. But neither the speaker—nor you—was shocked by what it meant or startled by the primitive, undeveloped thinking it so clearly revealed.

Scientists today have a phrase with which they describe this lumping of a mass of prejudices into one handy classification. They call it "tabloid thinking." Tabloid thinking is comfortable, easy to use, hard to stop. But it's dangerous—very dangerous.

That is why some 800 organizations in America are now actively working against tabloid thinking. In its place, they are striving to nourish habits of clear thinking and unbiased breadth of mind. Undoubtedly it is a new and important crusade in our history. The basic

idea is that we should accept every person upon his own merit and character, not reject him because he is "different" from us.

The work of these 800 organizations is succeeding: in another generation it will pay amazing social dividends. Already our American climate is healthier. Only a few years ago the country was full of Silver Shirts, Brown Shirts, Christian Fronts and the like. Today, the sudden reappearance of the Ku Klux Klan is real news.

Why? Because many militant groups are in confusion and flight. The "good societies," wisely directed and well financed, are taking over. For the first time, the trend in America is away from class, racial and religious hatred.

Four of the leading societies have cooperated in setting up an experiment—for you. They have helped in preparing the following quiz, designed to make you think twice about your own mental health. The ultimate aim is to create an ideal state of mind.

Answer each question instantly. Don't grope around for the "right"

They Fight Tabloid Thinking

THE FOUR ORGANIZATIONS which helped prepare this test are typical of the 800 groups actively campaigning against tabloid thinking in America. They are:

The National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc., which since 1928 has been promoting amity and understanding among Jews, Catholics and Protestants. Financially supported by 25,000 individuals, it has 23 offices throughout the country.

The Bureau for Intercultural Education which, supported in part by the Rockefeller Foundation, fosters tolerance by training hundreds of teachers and developing experimental techniques in group work among students.

The Commission on Community Inter-relations, which scientifically studies racial prejudice in individual communities as it is demonstrated by public reaction to specific incidents. This precise measurement of a community's temper is a new kind of social study.

The Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith, which has as its chief objective to counteract prejudice by fostering racial tolerance as an ideal of American democracy.

answer, because delay or contemplation will only lead you astray. Count 4 for each question. A perfect score is 100. And if you come up with a perfect 100, the chances are you have not been strictly honest with yourself.

1. Are you a member of any minority group?

As a Protestant, a Republican, a Democrat, an employer, an employee, even as a man or woman, everyone is in some way a member of a minority group. The answer, therefore, is "Yes."

2. Do you agree that to survive in this world you either have to take or be taken?

That's a jungle philosophy that no longer holds good in a civilized world. Those who have it are highly prejudiced. The answer is "No."

3. Should qualified individuals be admitted to professional schools regardless of race, color or creed?

It is training that counts, not race, color or creed, and every individual should be given the same opportunity for such training. The answer is "Yes."

4. Is it wise to attempt to improve the opportunities of minority groups through such legislation as the Fair Employment Practices Act?

Although some people sincerely insist that "you cannot legislate tolerance," the facts prove otherwise. Research shows that those who say "no" to the above question are far more likely to be prejudiced than those who say "yes." The correct answer, of course, is "yes."

5. Do you feel that there are certain groups in this country which

are a threat to your job, social position or welfare?

Fears of this nature, even though they are unrealized, form a strong foundation for bigotry. The answer is "No."

6. Do you believe that members of your own race, religion or nationality are a little more intelligent, more industrious, more honest, more moral than others?

It may be a dismaying fact, one that comes as a surprise to some people, but there are no essential differences. Again, it is training and opportunity that are responsible for apparent differences. The answer is "No."

7. Even though you dislike certain groups of people, do you have one or more friends in such groups of whom you say: "But *he's* different"?

To say "*he's* different" is another way of saying that the rest of the group to which he belongs is exactly alike. That is never true; believing it to be true is a perfect example of tabloid thinking. The answer is "No."

8. When you don't like a person, or have an unpleasant experience with a stranger, do you link your dislike to his race, religion, nationality or economic group?

Almost all of us do exactly that in moments of irritation; it is a tendency that breeds hate and intolerance. The answer is "No."

9. Do you think children—yours for example—should select friends from among their own racial or religious group?

It is important for children to

have friends in many different groups, since 75 per cent of our prejudices are formed between the ages of 6 and 16. The answer is "No."

10. Do you think that certain groups should not be allowed to move into your neighborhood?

The member of any group may have the qualifications necessary for being a good neighbor. It depends on the individual, not the group. The answer is "No."

11. Have you ever tried to verify a story or accusation about a whole group of people?

It is surprisingly easy to uncover the falsity of such stories. Only the ignorant, thoughtless or vicious person accepts them without proof. The answer is "Yes."

12. Do you believe there is greater harmony in a business where employees are all of the same faith?

Those who profess any such belief subscribe to the theory that "no company should hire too many Catholics—or Jews, or Negroes." The answer should be "No."

13. Do you think the Nisei are influenced more by their Japanese blood or their American education?

By their American education, which again underscores the fact that it is education and opportunity that count. The war proved that most Nisei are just as loyal to America as is any other minority group.

14. Would you object if a Negro with education and training equal to yours worked beside you on a job?

Negroes with education and training have made many important contributions to America. One's willingness to work beside them should be determined by their ability and loyalty—not by their color.

15. So far as you know, is Negro blood in any way different from the blood of white people?

There are four blood types, and all four are found in all races. Any reported differences are purely fictional. The answer again is "No."

16. Do you think the Irish are a witty and lovable race?

Many Irish are lovable and witty, but there is danger in assuming that entire groups share a single trait, good or bad. Tabloid thinking again. The answer should be "No."

17. Can you always tell whether a person is Jewish?

Many scientific tests have demonstrated that no one can tell for certain whether a person is Jewish. The answer is "No."

18. Would you vote for a Catholic who was a candidate for high political office and who was obviously the better man for the job?

It would depend entirely on his qualifications for the job, not on his religion. The answer is "Yes."

19. Would you vote for a Protestant for the same high political office if he was obviously the better man for the job?

This prejudice usually appears only in connection with Catholics, Jews or Negroes, as though white Protestant Gentiles represent no

problem at all. But again, if the Protestant is in your opinion the best man, then the answer should be "Yes."

20. Do you think there should be a labor leader on your Board of Education, providing he has other required qualifications?

He has just as much right to serve there as a banker or businessman. Of course, in the "perfect state," all members would be selected for their knowledge of education. The answer therefore is "Yes."

21. Do you think either of these statements is true?

A. Jews stick together

B. Jews are always prying into Christian groups.

If you think either is true, you probably think both are true, which is obviously impossible. Just as obviously, the answer is "No."

22. Are you more afraid of gangsters or swindlers?

People often split on this question, but analysis shows that those who fear swindlers most are much more likely to be prejudiced; they are suspicious of their fellow men. To fear gangsters is normal. The correct answer is "Gangsters."

23. Do you think that harboring a really strong prejudice, amounting to active hate, can do you physical harm?

It is a scientific fact that extreme hate can intensify heart disease, hypertension, disease of the circulatory and nervous systems. In tuberculosis, a number of bad psychological factors may spring from hate. The emotion induces "coarc-

tation"—constriction of feeling and imagination. On the basis of scientific findings, the answer is "Yes."

24. Do you feel perfectly at ease with members of racial or religious groups other than your own?

The ability to feel at ease with people depends on the people themselves, and on your community of mutual interests with them. It has nothing at all to do with their racial or religious backgrounds. The answer to this should be "Yes."

25. Which of these would you say is true of yourself:

A. I don't think I am prejudiced.

B. I know I have prejudices, and I am ashamed of them.

C. I know I have prejudices and I think they are justified.

Unless you are civilized enough to belong to the small minority which is genuinely without prejudices, your answer to this question should be "B," for anyone who is aware that he is prejudiced *should* be ashamed.



Juvenile Jive

A THREE-YEAR-OLD's mother was amused to see her son drawing pictures. "What's that?" she asked.

"That's God," replied the tot.

"But, darling," said the mother, "no one knows what God looks like."

The boy smiled triumphantly.

"Well," he retorted, "they will now."—ARTHUR BLAKE

LITTLE NICKY, five years old, was walking along the street with little Joan, four. As they were about to cross the street, Nicky remembered his mother's teaching.

"Let me hold your hand," he offered gallantly.

"Okay," replied Joan, "but I want you to know you're playing with fire."
—MONA PAULEE

JIMMY, AGED SEVEN, sat patiently through the first number of the symphony concert. The next number on the program was a coloratura solo.

"Mamma," asked Jimmy, "why is that man shaking his stick at the lady?"

"Hush, Jimmy," she said, glancing around apologetically. "He's not shaking it at her."

"Then why," retorted Jimmy, "is she screaming like that?"

New Life for Purple Hearts

by JOHN G. BLAIR



How Cleveland's disabled veterans are being taught that life is still well worth living in the post-war world

THROWING OPEN THE DOOR, the veteran charged into the office and confronted one of the U. S. Employment Service clerks.

"If you people don't stop bothering me I'll shoot every one of you," he shouted hysterically. "Every time I turn around you send letters asking me to come here and see about going back to work. I don't want a job! I want to be left alone!"

The frightened clerk backed away. The rest of the staff looked on silently as the veteran turned and limped from the room.

"He acts as though he'd lost his mind as well as that leg," a clerk muttered. "The police ought to take him in tow."

Several days later the incident came up for discussion at a meeting of the U. S. Employment Service. Some of the members suggested that the veteran be picked up for mental observation.

"Nothing of the kind," the chairman said. "This is a case for Possibilities Unlimited. The boy's not dangerous—he needs help."

Thus, several days later the veteran had a caller at his home. The visitor was a volunteer worker of a unique, non-profit Cleveland organization that is putting amputee veterans back on their feet—even though some of them have lost both legs. The volunteer was an ex-serviceman himself. He, too, had lost a leg but his limp was not pronounced. It seemed coincidence that this man should have exactly the same disability as the veteran he came to see. But it was not coincidence, it was all part of the plan which has been putting new life into Purple Heart veterans.

"A friend told me you were back home," the visitor explained. "I figured that since we were in the same boat, I might be able to set you right about some problems."

Several hours later the visitor departed. The two men shook hands warmly and the veteran who had been "a problem" had obtained a new outlook. His fears of being unable to earn a living had been dispelled—he had just talked to a man with a physical disability the same as his, a man who had a good job.

The veteran was on the road to

overcoming his desire to hide from the world because he was "different"; his feeling of helplessness and self-pity had been erased. The visitor had shown him some tricks in moving about with his artificial leg, tricks the volunteer had learned from other men and women similarly disabled.

After several more bull-sessions with his new friend, the veteran returned to the U. S. Employment Service to avail himself of its re-employment assistance. He soon had a job he once thought himself incapable of filling. Quickly he regained self-confidence and today depends on no one.

This man is but one of many Clevelanders who have benefited from the work of the non-profit group that was started in December, 1944, by George J. Kruger, sales executive who has made a success of life despite the accidental loss of his right arm in his youth.

Kruger's original idea was to organize physically handicapped persons to aid disabled veterans and civilians in overcoming psychological handicaps that follow the loss of a limb. This was to be accomplished by teaching the newly handicapped to do themselves those things other disabled persons had learned through experience.

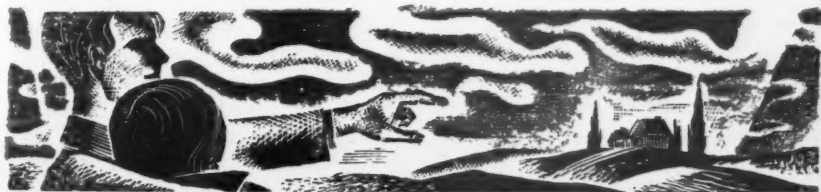
The idea was enthusiastically supported by Eugene Segal, a re-

porter for the *Cleveland Press*, who wrote an article detailing Kruger's project. The story drew 14 letters from handicapped Clevelanders offering their help. This was the nucleus of the group that today has more than 300 names on its rolls and looks to a membership of 500 within a year.

Meeting with Kruger, the 14 volunteers formed Possibilities Unlimited. True to its inspirational name, the organization has yet to confront an insoluble problem. Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, Army Surgeon General, offered advice when the group was formed, and recently General Eisenhower interrupted a triumphal tour of Cleveland for a quiet visit with members of the group. Most important of all, however, Possibilities Unlimited has been accepted by the people it was designed to assist—amputee veterans and civilians.

To many Greater Clevelanders, the organization is personified by a colorful French-born Cleveland housewife, Mrs. Marie Stevens. As a teen-age girl, Mrs. Stevens lost a foot when struck by a streetcar. She had difficulty adjusting herself but eventually won the battle.

Today, Mrs. Stevens is perhaps the most active member of the organization. Her French enthusiasm sparks the group and her exciting hats are the talk of the town. Her



fantastic millinery catches the eye of everyone she meets—and hardly a person notices her artificial foot.

AS THE WARTIME casualty list lengthened, Possibilities Unlimited grew and became recognized as a valuable force in the community. Happily the large majority of the men who came home minus arms and legs quickly adjusted themselves and resumed normal living. Some, however, were lost in despondency. Abject surrender to the crushing loss of a limb had these men thinking that life was no longer worth living.

Words of encouragement help many—but too often these words are tinged with pity. For most amputees, the answer to the feeling of helplessness is a demonstration of what may be accomplished despite physical handicaps.

Upon receiving word of the arrival home of a handicapped veteran, Possibilities Unlimited sends a member to call on him. It is a social visit in which the veteran is told of the organization's work. He is also told that no dues are collected, money for administrative expenses having been donated by the public. No member of Possibilities Unlimited receives compensation, except for an executive secretary—a veteran but not an amputee—and his assistant, who are paid to handle routine affairs.

The new returnee is invited to make use of the clubroom maintained by the organization downtown. There he may go to rest the stump of his arm or leg and to meet other veterans who have the same problems.

Working on the theory that

"birds of a feather flock together," the group takes pains to see that newly returned veterans are visited by volunteers with the same disabilities. A man with a leg amputated above the knee is visited by a worker with the same loss, who demonstrates his skill in walking, climbing stairs and other fine points of getting about.

Experience has shown that problems of getting adjusted to an artificial limb are among the easiest solved. The more difficult cases are the veterans who need psychological aid. There was the salesman who showed up recently at the clubroom. He had heard that the organization might help him to find another job.

"I'm a failure as a salesman," he told Carl Williams, executive secretary. "Before the war I got along all right selling, but I came back without an arm and I've found that it ruins most of my sales. I would like a job in a machine shop—something where I will not have to meet the public."

Williams told him he would see what he could do, but urged him to use the clubroom facilities meantime. One day when Williams asked him to stop by to discuss a job possibility, there were several other amputees there. These men had lost arms, too. What's more, he found he talked their language, for they were salesmen.

The veteran told them of his failure. His arm was not yet healed and he could not wear an artificial limb. Sales prospects turned away when they saw his empty sleeve.

The other salesmen were not convinced of his failure. They told him that he was counting himself

out before he got started. As they grew better acquainted, their frankness increased and before long they had the "failure" convinced that his ability was unimpaired.

"That empty sleeve is a challenge," one of the salesmen told him. "I felt the same way you did, but now I am going full steam ahead."

Soon the "failure" led his company in sales. He still comes to the clubroom—to talk to newly returned veterans who think they are "down and out" because of physical disabilities.

Not all the problems involve disabled veterans. For instance, there was a mother living in one of the better residential sections. Until she received word that her only son had lost a leg and an arm overseas, she was active in clubwork, civilian defense and many other activities. The news of her son's misfortune was a great shock. She imagined him condemned to a life of selling pencils on the street. She withdrew from her friends, would see no one. Most of her time was spent weeping over her son's fate.

Attending a civilian defense meeting one day, Mrs. Stevens heard of the case and immediately left to visit the woman. She had little luck in talking to the grief-stricken mother, who pointed out that Mrs. Stevens had lost "only a foot." Her son, she said, was doomed to be a permanent burden on society.

In answer to her rebuff, Mrs. Stevens asked another member of Possibilities Unlimited to visit the woman. In a darkened room, shades drawn, the mother received the visitor. He told her how he had

progressed since he came home from the war, how he had a job and was making good at it.

"You have lost but an arm," the mother said. "My boy is helpless."

In answer, the visitor pulled up his trouser leg—showed the mother his artificial leg, one that extended from just below his hip. Today, the wounded son is home and both he and his mother are active in Possibilities Unlimited.

Wives also turn to this humanitarian group for assistance. If a husband loses a limb, the wife invariably is at a loss as to how to treat the situation. There is a tendency to be overly sympathetic, or to try to ignore the disability entirely. Facing this problem, many wives have turned to Possibilities Unlimited. Their questions are answered by those who should know best—members of the group's auxiliary, composed mainly of wives of amputee members.

Frankness about the disability, recognition of the limitation of activity, and candor in regard to all aspects of the handicap are the answers given. One case now before Possibilities Unlimited is a type in which the volunteers wish the woman had sought their advice before her husband returned home from the war without a leg.

The couple, following a whirlwind courtship, married a short time before the husband entered service. Both young, the wife particularly was unprepared to meet the situation when her handicapped mate returned. Several weeks later she left him and since then the veteran has turned to alcohol.

"We are trying our best," Williams explains. "It isn't the loss of

his leg that bothers this boy, it is the loss of his wife. We can help him meet his problem only part way, the rest must be on his own."

Another recent case involved a veteran who came back with a hand blown off. Acutely self-conscious, the ex-infantryman "holed-up" in a neighborhood saloon, sitting in a corner drinking.

"Even in the corner people stared at my hook," he said later, referring to the utilitarian artificial limb usually given to amputee veterans by the government. "They asked me questions all the time."

One day the questions got on his nerves. He swung his hook on a questioner and landed in jail. Because he was a veteran, he was taken to the County Detention Home, where he would not have to sleep behind bars.

"He tried to commit suicide by jumping out of a window," a probation officer told Mrs. Stevens as he asked Possibilities Unlimited to take a hand. "He is a good boy; he needs advice."

A flying squad of veterans went to the rescue of the would-be suicide—they were all men with hands or arms missing. They secured the release of the belligerent ex-soldier and took him back to the clubroom.

Hours later, the would-be suicide emerged with renewed vigor. Several days later he and another veteran were sent to Detroit, expenses paid by Possibilities Unlim-

ited. There they were fitted with the realistic artificial hands and arms made in Detroit by sculptor Beaver Edwards. The lifelike imitations were purchased by the Cleveland chapter of the Ida Hibbard Fund, a group that provides funds for prostheses for veterans.

Back in Cleveland, the veteran who had thought life not worth living was placed in a good position. Since then he has married and today is looking forward to owning his own business.

Recognition of Possibilities Unlimited's contributions to returning servicemen has come from the Army's Percy Jones Hospital Center in Battle Creek, which has designated the Cleveland group as its agent in placing disabled veterans in jobs. Speakers are provided for industrial and business groups to find jobs. A special committee co-operates with the National Research Council in making practical suggestions for improvements in artificial appliances.

Possibilities Unlimited, however, will not die when all the veterans are home. Industrial and other accidents yearly take a toll of limbs from civilians throughout Cleveland. So in the future the newly handicapped will find members of Possibilities Unlimited—both veterans and civilians—carrying on the work started by George J. Kruger, the man who helps others because he learned how to help himself.



It is one of the ironies of life that when one grows tall enough to reach the jam on the pantry shelf, the craving for jam has disappeared.

—The Advocate

Strange, fantastic and unbelievable are some of the oddities that are still in force on America's musty statute books

Freak Laws of the Land

by LILLIAN GERARD
AND ELAINE BASSLER

IF YOU SING at a bar in Wisconsin, drive a red automobile in Minneapolis, eavesdrop in Oklahoma, marry your mother-in-law in the District of Columbia, or arrest a dead man for a debt in New York, you may run afoul of the law.

In a pinch, the man to consult is Lyman E. Cook, 41-year-old St. Louis attorney and dean of collectors of freak laws. For 17 years Cook has devoted his spare time to digging in musty records for unrepealed oddities in the law. So far he has excavated some 25,000 legal fossils from every state in the Union.

Legally, according to Cook, citizens of Barre, Vermont, are required to take a bath every Saturday night; every male in Brainerd, Minnesota, must grow a beard; and the female population of Providence, Rhode Island, cannot wear transparent apparel—even silk or nylon stockings.

Early in his legal practice, Cook got the mania for collecting strange laws. He was appointed to defend



a South Carolina Negro accused of killing a plainclothesman. The Negro claimed that since the other man was not

in uniform, he didn't know his identity. Mistaking him for a burglar, he pulled out his own pistol and fired.

The story was plausible, but Cook couldn't explain why his client carried a gun. Searching through South Carolina archives he found a statute, dating to Indian times, that made it unlawful to attend church on Sunday without carrying a weapon. By maneuvers based on this legal hangover, Cook convinced judge and jury to the extent that the Negro got off with a verdict of manslaughter instead of murder.

As Cook's odd collection became known, lawyers everywhere started to send in local contributions. When a representative in the Illinois Leg-

islature questioned one of his findings, the lawyer proved that in Winnetka, Illinois, a theatre manager can still bounce any patron with odoriferous feet. As a test, Cook personally violated the ordinance and was evicted from a Winnetka movie house.

In another test case he was foiled. On a visit to Minnesota he attempted to prove "it is unlawful to tease or torment skunks and polecats." But the saucy little animals, unwilling to cooperate, took the law into their own hands and ruined one of his best suits. Ever since, Cook has been less interested in animal legislation, yet he warns that you cannot set fire to a mule in Maine or feed razor blades to an Illinois hog. It is also unlawful to ride a jackass more than six miles an hour in Ohio, to use an elephant to plow a cotton field in North Carolina, or to kill a snake in Pennsylvania unless it bites you.

Cook has also found much conflict in laws relating to animals. In Oklahoma, for instance, if you were lucky enough to catch a whale in inland waters, you would be arrested. Conversely, in California you would be convicted of a misdemeanor if caught "shooting at any kind of game *except a whale* from a moving automobile or airplane."

You don't have to be a lawyer to know that the California act was designed to discourage hunting from moving vehicles. It is based on the same principle, says Cook, as a blue law intended to prevent immorality in Winchester, Massachusetts. There the town fathers have ruled that a girl cannot be seen dancing on a tightrope except

in church—as likely an event as spotting whales from your running board.

In many of our queer laws, an exigency of some kind exists. Take the seemingly absurd Texas provision that still makes carrying pliers a penitentiary offense. Yet only a few years ago this tool was used most effectively by cattle rustlers. With pliers, it was easy to clip a neighbor's fence and swipe his livestock.

CUSTOM dictated many strange laws, yet when times changed no one thought to repeal them. Thus, in Oregon a girl cannot legally enter an automobile with a young man unless accompanied by a chaperone. In Utah, daylight must be seen between a dancing couple. A man in Lewes, Delaware, cannot wear trousers that are form-fitting around the hips, while in Reading, Pennsylvania, a woman cannot hang underwear on a clothesline unless a screen is present.

Romance, of course, has always come under the law's scrutiny. Only a few years ago a husband was fined \$15 for kissing his wife in a Chicago park. Kissing in public is also taboo in Georgia. In Massachusetts, a state surprisingly lenient with the tender passions, ten kisses are equivalent to a marriage proposal. A hug and kiss in the presence of the girl's parents, combined with several gifts of candy, are enough to announce your intentions in Minnesota; in Maryland, if you make six visits to a girl's home you are as good as hitched.

Once married, you can lawfully direct profanity at your wife if you live in Delaware, while in Michigan

the law says a husband owns all his wife's clothing and can take possession of her entire wardrobe if she ever leaves him.

In matters of health, as well as hearth, lawmakers have ruled sternly at times. A San Francisco ordinance prohibits the spraying of laundry clothes by water emitted from the mouth. Omaha bans the use of the same fingerbowl by more than one person, and in Waterville, Maine, it is a violation to blow your nose in public. Indiana law declares that a moustache is "a known carrier of germs and a man cannot wear one if he habitually kisses human beings."

CONSIDERING THAT most laws are made in haste, many old ones remain amazingly sound. There's an ordinance in Charleston, South Carolina, that compels prisoners to pay the police a dollar for the privilege of riding to jail in the patrol wagon. Kansas makes it unlawful for a candidate for public office to give away cigars on election day; and Florida prohibits hiring away

another woman's cook.

Yet many laws in Cook's collection have no rhyme or reason. For example, it's illegal to speak English in Illinois. A New York father cannot diaper his baby. A Bostonian can't own a dog more than ten inches in height. In Kentucky, burglary may be committed only at night. In Iowa a one-armed piano player may be seen—but not if admission is charged to view his performance. And in Tacoma, Washington, "it is mandatory for a motorist with criminal intentions to stop at the city limits and telephone the chief of police he is entering the town."

These and other antique laws will eventually be repealed. In some states, committees have been formed to eliminate legal oddities. But meanwhile, says Cook, if you're in New Jersey, refrain from making any noise while sipping your soup. In Chicago do not feed your dog whiskey. And if you visit Gary, Indiana, don't attempt to board a streetcar within four hours after eating garlic.

Christmas Collection

A DOCTOR IN Kansas hit upon a novel ideal for sending statements to delinquent patients during the Christmas holidays. With each bill he enclosed this letter:

"Dear Mrs. Doe:

"Since this is the period of good will to men, we make it one of forgiveness for you. We offer you a gift. The bill you owe us is cancelled. The debt is forgiven—with just one proviso!

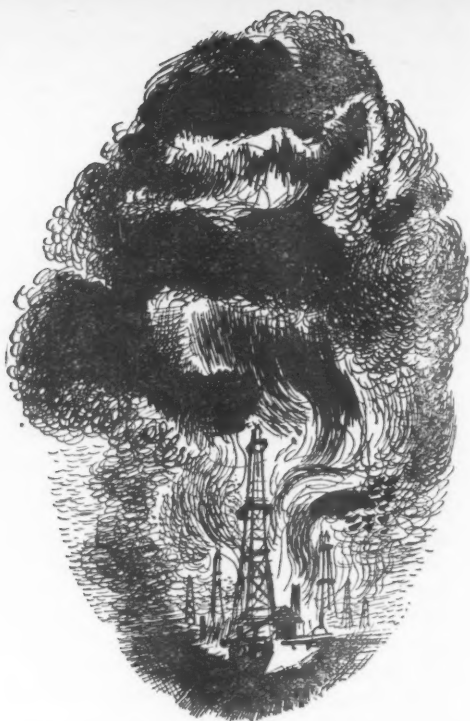
"You must make an equivalent cash gift to a worthy charity. Send us their receipt, and your account will be considered closed."

—MARY REASER



Hero of the Oil-well Fires

by LAWRENCE LADER



No blaze is too big or stubborn for Pat Patton, one-armed master of the hazardous business of fire-fighting

THE FIRE HAD BEEN raging through the oil fields of Old London, Texas, for 18 days. Flames leaped 100 feet into the air: a dirty umbrella of smoke covered the sky. Occasionally the burning well grew quiet for a few minutes, then just as violently erupted again.

It was what oil men fear most—a burner running wild. Already three fire-fighters had been killed. Now the rest took blindly to their heels. After 18 days of fierce, unrelenting fighting, it looked as though the fire was completely out of control.

From the edge of the circle of spectators, one man, H. L. "Pat" Patton, stepped up to the owner of the burning well. "I can put that fire out," he said.

The owner looked at him as though he were crazy.

"I've thought of a way," said Patton stubbornly. "I know I can do it!" The owner had nothing to lose. "Go ahead," he said.

For 19 hours Patton worked feverishly to build special fire-fighting equipment. Then, without pausing for rest, he called for volunteers and moved forward to battle. An hour later Patton and his crew had put out a belching volcano which had terrorized Texas oilmen for days.

But "Pat" Patton had done more than that. On the impulse of the moment, he had launched himself on a new career. Today, 17 years later, he is one of the greatest oil-well fire-fighters in the world. He has not only saved the country untold millions of dollars in oil but has made a personal fortune for himself in one of the toughest businesses any man ever entered. He has fought and beaten 176 fires in every oil field from Texas to Venezuela to Borneo, and back again. At the age of 57, he can still boast: "There isn't an oil fire goin' that I can't cap."

TO ACHIEVE TOP RANK among the oil-well fire-fighters, Patton has had to fight as hard as Joe Louis. He hasn't lost a battle yet. Of all his battles, the fiercest was in South Texas against the LaBlanca "Twin Gassers" in 1938. The fire started when an abandoned well erupted and threw a geyser of mud and earth hundreds of feet into the air. A large crater began to form. Within 12 hours it engulfed a producing gas well 50 feet away, turning the crater into a mass of fire.

Oil men flooded it with water, but the flames continued to spread. They tried snuffing out the well with nitroglycerin, and failed again. Then the owner sent an SOS for Patton. After 50 days of struggle and setbacks, the "Twin Gassers" were capped.

The bloodiest battle was at New Iberia, Louisiana. While Patton and his brother, Will, and a crewman named Ed Richardson were inspecting the burning Vermillion Bay well, it exploded in their faces, blowing debris skyward. Will was struck on the head by a piece of

flying metal. As Patton reached out to grab his stricken brother, another piece of metal fell from the sky, shearing his arm to the bone.

Patton was rushed to the hospital, where his arm was amputated near the shoulder. But he was out of the hospital five days later and back at the fire. He had to get back. He had to defeat it, more than he had had to defeat any other fire. For the Vermillion Bay well had killed his brother Will. And Richardson's body wasn't found until a week later.

They said that a one-armed fire-fighter was all washed up. They said that after the New Iberia tragedy, Patton could never keep his business going. But he came back to show them. He had to rely mostly on the two good arms of his son, Otis. But he still directed the attack, still went everywhere his men went. And when World War II came, he was ready to meet the greatest challenge of his life.

As the Japs fled Borneo in 1945, they set fire to 37 wells on the west coast of the peninsula. Australian oil men managed to put out the small fires, but after struggling with the 12 big ones they gave up and called for Patton. He and Otis rushed to Borneo by plane.

By the time they got there, fires from oil-soaked sands were raging waist-high. The heat was so intense that even cement melted. Water, left standing 100 feet from the wells, boiled. The 12 wells blazing together formed the most awesome spectacle Patton had ever faced.

Patton and his son set up plane engines near the wells. Using the propellor's wash, they blew the flames to one side while bulldozers

plunged in and covered the fire with sand. At the same time, another team of bulldozers cut a road through to the wells. To blast the top off the burning casing, they used cannon. To knock away melted steel, they used TNT.

The obstacles seemed endless. The sand near the wells was so hot that Otis burned his feet and had to be hospitalized. Then there were no pump parts. The Japs had thrown them into the river. But Patton poked the bottom with poles and sent native divers down to retrieve them. One by one, the obstacles were overcome. After 40 days of back-breaking work, all 12 wells were capped.

BACK IN 1929, when he volunteered to put out the Old London blaze, "Pat" Patton never dreamed that one day he would be one of the best oil-well fire-fighters in the world. "I didn't know what I was getting into," he said later, "until everyone started asking me to put out their fires too." At the time Patton was a trucking operator. But he began to spend so much time at fires that he had to abandon trucking. Soon, his fame spread through Texas, then to every oil field in the U.S.

Patton, a well-knit combination of Irish joviality and Texan independence, has always refused to affiliate himself with a single oil company. He works for any concern that needs him, and can be on the job anywhere in the U.S. in 24 hours. His charge for putting out a fire often runs into big money and depends on many factors, including the well's pressure, its size, and the amount of cement around the pipe.

But oil companies struck by fire ask for Patton because they know what they are getting. When he puts a fire out, the well is ready to produce again. In addition, Patton boasts of his guarantee: "If I don't cap the fire, you don't owe me a penny."

After 17 years, "Pat" Patton has turned fire-fighting into big business. Oil men say he has been paid as much as \$1,000 an hour, but Patton laughs at figures like that. "I've worked for weeks on a burner," he says, "without collecting a penny more than if I'd capped it in five hours." Still, he has managed to make a small fortune. In 1931, he incorporated the Patton Oil-Well Fire-Fighters with stock valued at \$100,000. His equipment alone is worth \$150,000.

Patton's office is his home at Houston, Texas. The living-room walls are covered with photographs of fires he has battled. But he is usually more interested in the kitchen, where "Mrs. Pat," his sprightly, gray-haired wife, bakes cornbread and cooks steaks. In addition to his Houston home, he owns an 800-acre ranch. "A man needs a quiet place to rest between fires," he explains.

Patton has not won recognition simply because of his warm, Irish heart and Texas confidence. It is much more than that. His success has come through a combination of inventive skill, which enabled him to develop special equipment, and a shrewd brain with which he runs his crew like a quarterback.

Patton's two most important inventions are his "seating tool" and "fire-pan shield." The purpose of the "seating tool" is to get at the

base of the fire, which is in the well casing. The "tool" is actually nothing more than a long pipe extending as high as 40 feet into the air with a tapered "mosquito bill" at the bottom to fit into the well.

Patton's first objective is to clear away the debris from the casing. Once the casing is located, he must fit the "mosquito bill" into it, thus diverting the flames far above the head of his crew. Then they can get close enough to remove the rest of the debris and cap the well by pumping mud into it.

The "fire pan" is an inch-thick shield of steel, shaped like a bread pan. It is placed in front of the crew as they fight their way towards the well, and gives them protection so they can get the "seating tool" in place and make the necessary connections.

In addition to this special machinery, Patton's equipment consists of a fleet of trucks and tractors. He keeps them dispersed in various areas. When Patton gets an emergency call, he usually flies to the scene. The rest of the crew rush after him by train or truck. By the time they get there, Patton has his strategy mapped out and is ready to go to work.

Patton's battle with the La Blanca "Twin Gassers" in 1938 is a perfect example of how he coordinates machinery and crew. Streams of water, which had already been used against the wells, had formed a murky, flaming crater 60 feet deep. Patton's first job was to dredge the bottom and locate the casing.

His crew began to dig a trench into the floor of the crater along which they could move a derrick truck. For nine days they worked

desperately, but winds whipped the flames in their faces and forced them to quit. Then they tried from the other side. After 16 days, working in two-hour shifts while assistants kept playing streams of water around them, they built the second trench within 30 feet of the crater.

Now Patton moved his derrick truck towards the well. The two-ton bucket dug into the mud and debris, but although sprayed constantly with water, it melted and fell into the crater. Patton's next objective was to fasten a cable around the casing of the well. Four times he tried. Finally on the fifth, he yanked it a few feet into the air.

Hoping to fit the manifold to the casing, Patton's men fought their way in close with the "seating tool" and "fire pan." But the flames continued to belch from cracks in the casing, heating the water around the well to bubbling fury. The crew took to a boat reinforced against heat in order to get close. But the heat cracked the boat, and the crew just reached the edge of the crater before it capsized.

Patton and his men came back for more. Week after week, defeat stared them in the face. But they kept fighting back, and after 50 nerve-racking days, Patton's combination of equipment, technique and sheer fighting strength won out.

HEADING HIS CREW into action, Patton, the fire-fighter, bears a marked resemblance to George Patton, late general of the U.S. Third Army. From his plan of attack, you would think he was advancing on a fortified city; his orders are like field orders from the general staff.

Once a fight has begun he is all

over the place, shouting encouragement, helping his men out of tough spots, kidding them, cursing them, driving them on with a furious energy. When the noise of the fire is too great for him to be heard, he waves his arm like a runaway semaphore.

Patton's men are as tough and breezy as their boss. They have lived in the oil fields all their lives. Oil is in their skin, virtually in their blood. A crew usually consists of six men. Fighting a fire, they live like troops at the front. If there is no town near-by, they pitch tents and sleep on army cots, cooking their own food. Because of the intensity of their work they usually operate in two-hour shifts, catching a few winks of sleep in between.

Patton has designed asbestos suits and goggles for them, but when the heat reaches 600 degrees, streams of water must be played over them as

they work. Even then, they can only keep going for a few minutes, dashing in to adjust a valve and then retreating.

Patton is one of the least bashful men alive. Nothing, not even the loss of his right arm, has diminished his confidence that he can lick any fire going. He jokes continually about the missing arm and threatens to hire a blonde secretary to knot his tie, but when he is working on a fire he rushes into the hottest spots at the head of his men.

Whenever Patton is entertaining friends at home and the descriptions of his battles become too heroic, "Mrs. Pat" has one sure way of stopping him. "I'll never forget that first fire at Old London," she says. "Suddenly the ground rumbled and the well blew up. We all ran, but there was one man way out in front. I finally caught up with him. Sure enough, it was Pat!"



Quiet Entrance

BACK IN THE EARLY 1920s a young Negro teacher got a job teaching elocution in a small Alabama country school.

He was a respected and intelligent teacher and thoroughly effective in his methods. The son of slave parents, he had educated himself carefully and won his spurs by hard study. His name was Richard B. Harrison.

In his elocution classes, he gave his pupils sage advice. To them he said: "When you enter a room,

do it quietly. Make the presence of your personality felt—not with loud noises to attract attention but with a silent and dignified manner of entrance."

By a strange twist of fate this was the man who, years later, during the production of Marc Connelly's *The Green Pastures*, was to make his entrance on the stage to the most tremendous cue ever written in the history of the theater:

"Gangway fo' de Lawd God Jehovah!" —AMASA B. WINDHAM

G rin and share it

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

A LADY AND A little boy boarded a street car, paid one fare, and started down the aisle.

"Just a minute," called the motor-man, "you'll have to pay a fare for the boy, too."

"But he's only three years old," she protested.

"He looks like six to me."

"I'll have you understand that I've been married only four years."

"Look, lady, I'm only asking for a fare, not a confession!"

"WELL, GOOD NIGHT. Hope I haven't kept you up too late," said the departing guest.

"Oh, no, not at all," replied the polite host. "We would have been getting up soon, anyway."

—As-You-Go-News

THE VAN FLICKS had built a great financial empire. They were the wealthiest family in their part of the country. Old Oscar Van Flick alone was worth more than \$100,000,000. In addition, each of his five sons had \$10,000,000.

Now old Oscar was dying. His lawyer sat beside the bed.

"To each of my five sons," croaked

Old Oscar, "I give \$20,000,000 in cash. The rest of my holdings I divide equally among them."

The attorney frowned. These sons already had so much money! Was there no charity in old Oscar's soul?

"But Mr. Van Flick," the lawyer said, "why are you dividing everything equally among your sons? All that money—good heavens, why?"

The aged millionaire looked up.

"I don't know," he replied weakly.

"I guess maybe, at heart, I'm really a communist!"

AS A VISITOR to a mental hospital, A walked about the grounds, he noticed one of the inmates wheeling a wheelbarrow upside down.

"That's no way to push that thing," said the visitor. "You've got it upside down."

"Oh, yeah?" retorted the inmate. "When I used to push it the other way, somebody put bricks in it."

JACQUES MIRABEAU and Jean Dussac, who had been close friends, one day had a quarrel, and the inevitable challenge to a duel resulted. Both were cowards, however, and it was decided that the duel would be fought with pistols in a completely dark room.

By the terms of the agreement Jacques was to fire first. Tremblingly he groped his way to the fireplace and fired up the chimney—and brought down Jean.

A LOVING YOUNG couple went to the movies, but the theater was crowded and they had to settle for two single seats, far apart.

The young lady, dissatisfied with the arrangement, thought the man next to her might be willing to change seats with her escort.

"Pardon me, but are you alone?" she whispered to him. There was no answer, so she tried again, and still a third time, without getting an answer.

After the next try, he turned toward

her slightly, keeping his eyes on the screen.

"For gosh sakes, cut it out!" he whispered savagely. "My whole family's here!"

ALTHOUGH THE ELEVATOR operator had been with the company for 25 years, this was the first time he had ever seen anyone try to enter the elevator with a horse.

"Listen here," he commanded, "you can't bring that horse in here."

"Please," pleaded the man with the horse. "Have a heart. I simply must take him up there in the elevator."

"Why?" asked the operator.

"Because," explained the man gloomily, "he always gets sick on the escalator." —STERLING SPARKS

A BUSINESSMAN was reading his paper in the evening while his wife knitted. "You might read to me while I knit," she sighed.

"Why don't you knit to me while I read?" he suggested.

WHILE VISITING A country school, the inspector for the board of education became provoked at the noise the unruly students were making in the next room. Angrily he opened the door and grabbed one of the taller boys who seemed to be doing the most talking. He dragged the boy to the next room and stood him in the corner.

"Now then, be silent and stand there," he ordered.

A few minutes later a small boy stuck his head in the room and said, "Please, sir, may we have our teacher back?"

—*The Village News*

TWO YOUNG WOMEN boarded a bus one afternoon and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion:

"I'm going to get a seat from one of these men. You just watch me."

She pushed her way down the aisle to a sedate gentleman who bore the

appearance of a settled married man, and opened fire.

"My dear Mr. Green, how delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I am tired. Thank you so much."

The sedate gentleman looked up at the girl, whom he had never seen before, then quietly arose and said: "Sit down, Jane, my girl. Don't often see you out on wash-day. You *must* feel tired. By the way, don't deliver the washing until Wednesday. My wife won't be home tomorrow."

—*Empire Digest*

A MAN WHO HAD been henpecked most of his married life was burying his wife. As the coffin was being carried out of the house, it bumped against a tree. To the horror of all present, there was a muffled scream. The lid was removed, and the supposedly dead woman stirred. She was not dead at all.

Restored to health, the shrewish woman lived three years longer. Then she really died.

As the coffin was being carried to the hearse, the husband addressed the bearers very solemnly:

"Boys, watch that tree!"

A YOUNG CLEVELAND matron was complaining to a neighbor of the difficulty she had in getting her husband to come home early from his poker sessions "with the boys."

"I cured my husband," her friend said. "When he came in late one night a few weeks ago, I called out, 'Is that you, Jim darling?'"

"And that did it?"

"Yes," she smiled. "My husband's name is Bill."

Readers are invited to submit material for "Grin and Share It." Coronet will pay up to \$100 for suitable stories, upon publication. Address contributions to Filler Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.



A Christmas Carol

Yuletide Ghost Story, by Charles Dickens

On the following pages, Coronet retells a universally loved story in a delightful new manner. Here are all of Dickens' memorable characters presented in lifelike miniature.

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AT THE END OF 1843, virtually all of London was asking, "Have you read it?" Invariably the smiling reply was, "Yes, God bless him, I have!" The excited city was talking about *A Christmas Carol*, and everyone was blessing its author, Charles Dickens.

Ever since its first triumphant appearance, people everywhere have never stopped talking about *A Christmas Carol*—nor will they ever tire of telling and retelling the beloved tale of old Ebenezer Scrooge, Tiny Tim, and the benevolent Ghosts. For *A Christmas Carol* is no longer merely a story, it is a time-honored tradition.

Yet the simple little tale did not roll easily off Charles Dickens' fluent pen. He knew what he wanted to say, but how difficult it was to say it just right! And so Dickens paced back and forth in his room, laughed and wept with the excitement of literary creation, and wandered out for 20-mile walks into the lonely London night, seeking solitude and inspiration.

At last, in November 1843, after two months of strenuous effort, Charles Dickens completed *A Christmas Carol*. The resulting manuscript, which he had so painfully and lovingly worked over—writing, erasing, rewriting, and writing

again—was to become a classic which would be forever mingled with the goodness of Christmas.

In the preface to his new story, the wise and kindly Dickens made a wish. "I have endeavored," he wrote, "in this Ghostly little book to raise the Ghost of an Idea; which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me. May it haunt their houses pleasantly . . ."

The whole world has granted this wish—not once but many times over. The wonderful fable rapidly became an international favorite, appearing in practically every language on earth—and earning fame in each. *A Christmas Carol* has appeared in an endless number of editions; it has been dramatized on the radio and on phonograph records. It has been illustrated by famous artists as well as by school-children. But now, Coronet brings you a completely new and unusually vivid interpretation. Here are Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, the Ghosts and Tiny Tim, in colorful, lifelike models from the windows of Carson Pirie Scott and Company in Chicago, retelling the inspiring story of *A Christmas Carol*—Charles Dickens' everlasting Christmas gift to all the world.

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On the day before Christmas, two men collecting money to provide the poor with meat, drink, and warmth for the holiday, asked Ebenezer Scrooge for a contribution. But the old miser chased them away, snarling: "I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry."

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That same evening, the wandering Ghost of Scrooge's former partner, Marley, visited him, dragging cashboxes and padlocks. Scrooge, too, would have to endure this endless, clanking burden, said Marley, unless he repented and learned a lesson from the three Ghosts who were coming to visit him.



Surly old Scrooge went to bed. But in a moment, the first spirit, the Ghost of Christmas Past, awakened him. He took the miser back to a forgotten Christmas Eve, where Scrooge saw himself joyously sharing the pleasures of friendship. And he realized that these were things his money could not buy.



Leaving this happy scene, the Ghost next took Scrooge to the home of a girl he might once have married. Scrooge saw how happy and content she was, surrounded by her family and children, and he began to understand now that his fondness for gold had shut life's sweetest joys out of his heart.



Back in his own home again, selfish old Scrooge was beginning to repent, when the second spirit, the Ghost of Christmas Present, arrived. Scrooge was glad to see this jolly spirit. "I went forth last time by compulsion and learned a lesson," he said, "let me profit by your teachings, too."



The Ghost of Christmas Present showed Scrooge Christmas Day in the home of his clerk, Bob Cratchit. He saw that even if Bob and his family were poor, they envied no one, and that Tiny Tim, Bob's crippled son, could shout unselfishly, "God bless us every one!" and drink a toast to Scrooge himself.



Then, the Ghost of Christmas Present carried Scrooge to a dinner party being held by the old man's nephew. Here Scrooge heard the young man say, "Scrooge's wealth is of no use to him. Who suffers from his ill whims? Himself, always." These words left a deep mark on Scrooge's heart.



At midnight, the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come appeared in Scrooge's room. Mournfully he told Scrooge that as a miser he was destined to die alone, unloved and unmourned. And as the Ghost spoke, Scrooge, in a vision of the future, saw his neighbors outside his shop, joking about his own death.



Suddenly the Ghost disappeared and Scrooge awoke, delighted to find himself back in his own bed. It was Christmas morning. Cheerfully he sent a boy to buy an immense turkey for Bob Cratchit's hungry family. It was a glorious day for Ebenezer Scrooge, for at last he felt the spirit of Christmas.



"He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses and up to the windows and found that everything could yield him pleasure."



Then, to his nephew's surprise, Scrooge accepted an invitation to Christmas dinner. Scrooge was heartily welcomed, and in a few minutes he felt fully at home. It was an evening of unsurpassed gaiety, for Scrooge had changed, and he did all he could to make the holiday joyful and bright.



And from that time on, it was always said of Ebenezer Scrooge, the miser who had learned to unlock his heart, that "he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one!"

Everyone wants to get into the act—and does—when Gainesville, Texas, stages its fabulous community circus

Biggest Home-town Show on Earth

THE TOWN OF Gainesville, Texas, population 12,500, has one of the most unusual circuses in the country, a gala show in which the whole community participates, from six-year-olds to Grandma. The performers are the butcher, baker, banker and lawmaker, housewives, typists, schoolteachers and soda-jerkers.

The circus has no professional entertainers, no elephants, no tigers or side show, and yet it is rated the fourth largest circus in the U. S. From time to time it has been offered fabulous sums to join the professional big-time circuit. The offers, however, have had no takers. Gainesville folks prefer to stay at home.

Most of Gainesville's homes are a living testimony that the town is a circus town. Every back yard sports a trapeze bar, ropes rigged for aerialist action, or some evidence that the house has a circus performer. Auto license plates read "Gainesville, Home of the Com-



by CAROL HUGHES

munity Circus." The high-school annual uses a circus theme, while animals adorn the dome of the gymnasium. Circus parties are frequent, and the hope of every youngster in town is to "make the circus." Since no one is barred from trying, the effect on the local "boys from the wrong side of the street" is tremendous. Gainesville has little juvenile delinquency: its youth is too busy with circus ambitions.

It all started with A. Morton Smith, city editor of the local newspaper, the *Register*. Smith had two great loves as a youth—newspaper work and the circus. He wanted to be both a reporter and a circus performer. When he had achieved the position of city editor, he decided to combine his two loves by having his own circus at home. So he created one of the best.

The first circus started out as a

burlesque. No one in Gainesville, including Smith, even believed that a real circus could be produced. They had no professional bareback riders, clowns, elephants or horse trainers. But to Smith's amazement, when he began training the local people he found they took it seriously.

Soon he discovered that bankers, butchers and county politicians could be very funny clowns. Soda-jerkers, typists, stenographers and schoolteachers made very good tightrope walkers. And high-school boys turned out to be wonderful acrobats.

When the first circus came off on May 1, 1930, costing \$300 to produce, it grossed \$420, and was no burlesque. It was a darn good circus. By 1941 the show was a rousing success, so much so that it gave 24 performances—nine in Texas, a couple in Oklahoma and had invitations from far-off Florida. It cost \$15,000 to produce and grossed \$25,000. The publicity had put Gainesville on the map in a big way, and local folk had had the time of their lives learning to be performers.

The community show is much more fun than most circuses because all the performers are neighbors. When some unusual incident occurs, it's twice as funny to local people. On one occasion, County Judge B. G. Mitchell, a clown cop, was in the middle of his famous "Firemen Save My Child" act. The routine called for Judge Mitchell, a dignified gentleman of 65 years, to rush into the big tent, followed by a host of clowns with makeshift fire apparatus. Some old lumber forming the side of a house

was set afire and another clown appeared at the window, screaming "Save my child!" Then the judge would mount the ladder and in a daredevil clown act grasp the child under his arm.

One night Mitchell fell off the ladder, wrenched his back and lay unconscious on the sawdust. The other clowns, thinking it was an act, rushed him out in their makeshift ambulance and promptly forgot all about him. The judge lay unconscious for hours, while the circus went hilariously on. For the next two months he conducted court from his bedroom.

There have been many accidents, fractured limbs, broken fingers, backaches and headaches in the process of turning ordinary people into circus artists. But none has deterred the performer from coming back as soon as the damage healed.

One serious accident was almost turned into comedy. Dr. S. M. Yarborough, one of the better clowns, also serves as the show's medical doctor. Playing an out-of-town engagement, one performer fell from a high wire and was rushed to the local hospital. Dr. Yarborough, still dressed in clown suit, ran up the steps to the operating room, calling to a nurse: "Get me some gloves quick! There's been an accident."

The nurse looked stonily at the clown-clad doctor. "This is no time for fun," she said. "Don't you think we'd better get a doctor before we get the gloves?"

THE COMMUNITY CIRCUS is an organized money-making venture with a board of 12 directors—all business and professional men of the town. A more unusual circus board

never existed. The president, Roy A. Stamps, is manager of the Gainesville Ice Company. In the circus he acts as equestrian director and ringmaster, and puts a troupe of trained ponies and a high schooled horse through their paces.

Joe M. Leonard, vice president, is publisher of the *Register*. He makes all contracts for the show's appearances. Vern Brewer, a truck line operator, is the principal horse trainer and lot superintendent. He is also the choice star performer in high tightrope walking, and the chief rider. C. C. Patterson, rural mail carrier, is head usher.

Although the circus is now a paying proposition, none of the 125 performers gets any salary, all profits going back into bigger and better equipment. The show owns all the necessary equipment, including the "big top" tent, wagons and even a brand new calliope. For out-of-town engagements the equipment is transported on trucks, the performers travel in private cars, and the rest of Gainesville generally streams out behind in an auto caravan.

Unlike professional circuses, the pride of Gainesville does not offer a side show, menagerie, sleeping accommodations or cook house. Neither does it have a concert. But it carries more equipment for the grand entry than any but the biggest professional circuses. In the animal line it has high-diving and high-wire walking dogs, military pony drills, high schooled horses, high jumping horses and dog and pony riding acts. In the air, the show features a ballet of 17 girls on flying ladders, single and double trapezes, a quintuple trapeze on

which five girls perform simultaneously, and other hair-raising acts.

In acrobatics it has contortionists, hand balancers, somersaulters, tumblers, tight and slack wire artists, rolling globe equilibrists and ladder performers. In all of their acts the highly trained but non-professional performers use no nets. True to the tradition of Texas daring, they scorn safety, with teenage high-school girls swinging and swaying from the top of the big tent with nothing below but hard ground. They have never had a fatal accident.

To become a member of the show, one merely notifies the program director when the call for members is made each spring. The only requirement stipulated is that the applicant live in Gainesville, have a desire to perform in the circus, and be willing to work hard enough to do it well.

There is no shortage of talent in Gainesville. The high school is a circus beehive with teachers, students, coaches and professors doing their daily dozen at each recess. The gymnasium sports the best circus equipment to produce an aerialist or acrobat. Brown, wiry, healthy youngsters start developing at six years. Occasionally there are spills, bruises, sprained wrists, but actors come back for more.

The show's most versatile performer is housewife Gerry Murrell. One day Virgil P. Keel, grain dealer and circus addict, asked Gerry if she would train to ride his show horses. Gerry, a slim blonde girl of 26, said yes. Today she is the star with her bareback acts, in which as a climax she rides her beautiful white horse in a leap over

a flaming barrier to close the show. Every top circus in the country has tried to lure Gerry away, but she prefers a home-town career.

Doris Marie Norman is typical of Gainesville's circus children. At 16, she is a 10-year veteran under the big top. At the age of 6, she was doing trapeze acts, and won fame as "the youngest performer in the world." Now she is not only an outstanding acrobat and aerialist but an excellent student in high school.

There are dozens of instances in which a whole family performs in the circus when it is playing locally. Mother becomes a circus rider, father a clown, and children ranging from 4 to 16 all have their parts. The tots usually begin in the costumed "Seven Dwarfs" act, and parade through the circus as part of the grand entry. They add extra amusement by getting so excited over the dogs and horses that they

forget their act and dart around the rings, seeking a closer view for themselves.

This year the circus is "better than ever," because many boys and girls have come back home from the wars. Ticket reservations pour in daily: the circus has its devotees from Chicago, Los Angeles and all points West. The reason for their loyalty has been aptly summed up by one of the world's great showmen—Billy Rose.

When Billy attended the show a few years ago, he tried vainly to hire several star performers. Despite his failure, Billy voiced a tribute: "It's the most delightful thing I have ever seen," he said. "These people have a job to do and a desire to do it well. As proof of their talent and ability, the Gainesville circus—a truly home-grown show—has become the envy of professionals throughout the entertainment world."



Winter Pastime

IN ONE OF THOSE little towns in Maine, as in the rest of them, probably, the summer residents all trade at the lone grocery store. It's the custom to let the bill run for the season and then, upon departure, pay it all. A city man who occupied a place there one summer and followed this practice was surprised during the winter, long after his return to town, to get a bill from the grocer. He didn't do anything about it because he was sure he had paid the bill.

On migrating Maineward again the following summer, the first thing he did was to call at the grocery and demand an explanation. The old man was out, but his son was there; he was a little abashed when the matter was put to him bluntly. Beckoning the city man to the rear of the store he whispered:

"It gets mighty lonesome up here sometimes in the dead o' winter, so Paw goes over the books and sends out bills to all our summer customers. You'd be surprised how many of 'em pays up all over again."

—Nuggets

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Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to this issue

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Victor A. Lookanoff

Fritz Henle

Bo Törngran

Dr. Paul Wolff

Gertie Rüdiger

Mrs. F. M. Corley

Ignacio F. Hoffman



"I Have a Little Shadow"

Victor A. Lookanoff; Detroit, Mich.

First



Mrs. F. M. Corley; Kilsyth, W. Va.

First Mistake

Mich.



Fledgling

Fritz Henle, New York, N.Y.

G



York, N.Y.

Good Grief

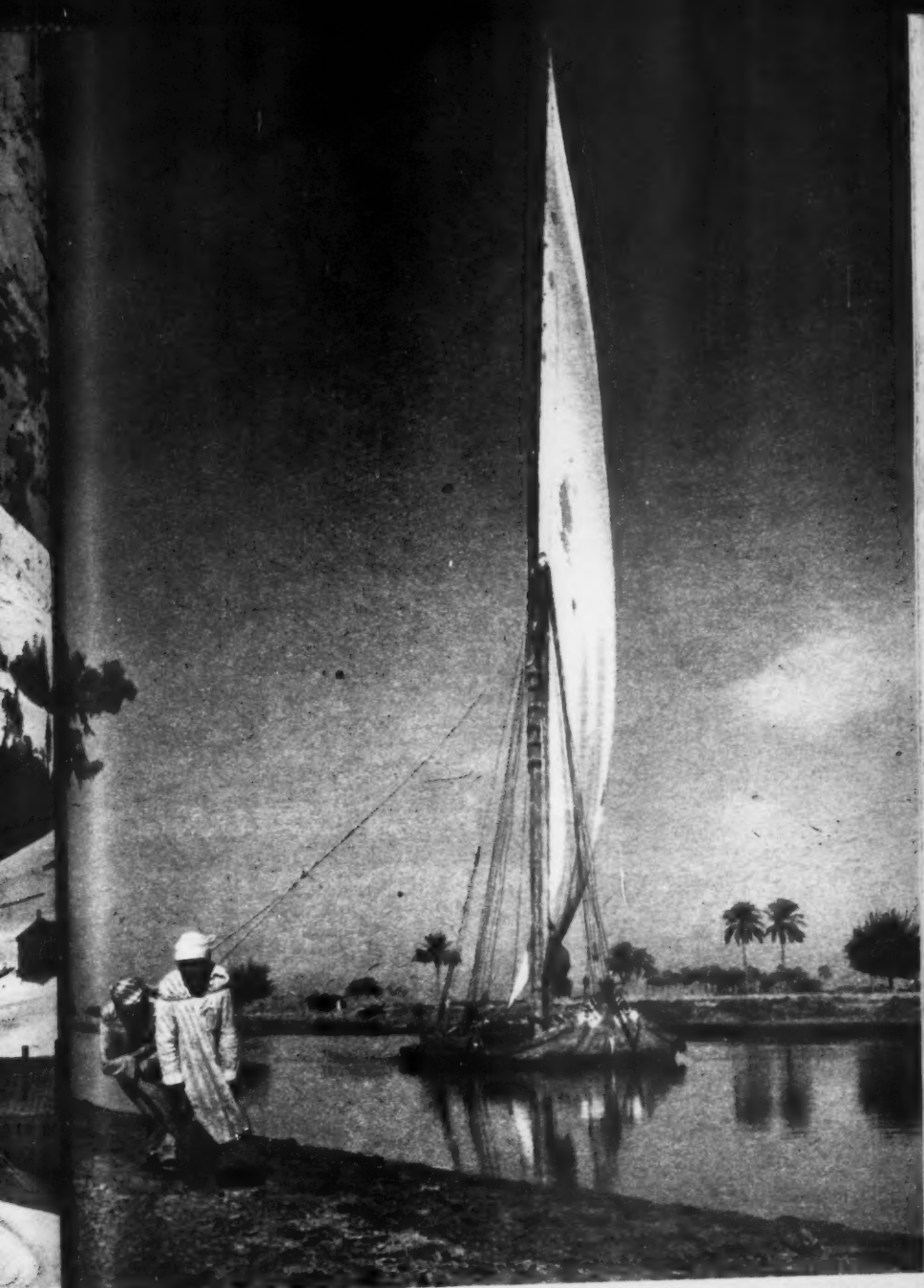
Bo Törn gren; Stockholm, Sweden



Sanctuary

Dr. Paul Wolff; Oberbayern, Switzerland

Ch



zerland

Children of the Nile

Gene Badger, New York, N. Y.



Comforter

Ignace F. Hofeman; Saginaw, Mich.

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You bet your Life

by LEO GUILD

MARITAL STUDIES find there is just the same amount of unhappiness or happiness in marriages where income is more than \$5,000 a year as in marriages where income is less. The psychologists conducting the survey found no significant relationship between income and felicity.

TODAY MY HEART beat 103,389 times, my blood traveled 168 million miles, I breathed 23,040 times, I inhaled 438 cubic feet of air, I ate three and a quarter pounds of food, drank 2.9 pounds of liquid, I perspired 1.43 pints, I gave off 85.6 degrees of heat and I generated 450 tons of energy. I spoke 4,800 words, moved 750 major muscles, my nails grew .000046 inches, my hair grew .01714 inches and I exercised 7,000,000 brain cells. I'm tired. —BOB HOPE

SEVERAL YEARS AGO in Reno, Nevada, an elderly man walked into a gambling house, sat down at the roulette table and placed a few chips on number 6. The wheel spun and number 6 won, netting a neat sum for the old man. Leaving the pile there, he pointed at number 6 again. The wheel spun and again number 6 was the winner.

The croupier looked questioningly at the old fellow and for the third time

the old man, with his head down on one arm and his finger on the board, pointed at number 6. Five consecutive times the wheel hit number 6, each time netting a larger fortune for the old man.

At last the bank was broken. The croupier shrugged his shoulders. He announced to the table the game was over. The winner of the fortune neither moved nor spoke. The elderly fellow was dead—and had been, a doctor testified in court, since the second spin. So a dead man broke the bank at Reno.

A MAJOR STUDIO in Hollywood has an approximate "new talent" budget of \$1,500,000 each year. Talent scouts interview about 90,000 hopefuls annually. If you are one of them the odds are 4,500 to 1 against your being given a contract. Your best chance of being discovered is on the stage; second best in a beauty contest; third on the street; fourth in an office or store.

FORTY-EIGHT years old, Mister? You have probably just done your best work. A study of 380 great men in *Who's Who* shows the "masterpiece age" averages 47.5 years.

THERE IS ONLY A remote chance that a book will be a best seller. Only 10 of the more than 7,000 books published each year reach the important class: the odds are, therefore, 700 to 1 against any book.

Research proved that the three most salable words in the title of a book are "Lincoln," "Doctor" and "Dog." A book entitled *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog* was then published. It did not sell.

GIRLS, IF YOU are choosing between a co-educational college and a girls' school, bear this in mind: seventy per cent of the women from co-ed schools marry earlier. Ten per cent more of them marry and 30 per cent more have larger families than those who attend girls' schools.

How to Keep CHRISTMAS in Your Heart

by HENRY J. TAYLOR



On the evening of December 24, 1945, Henry J. Taylor, economist, author and journalist, broadcast a Christmas Eve message over the Mutual Broadcasting System. Speaking on the General Motors program, *Your Land and Mine*, Mr. Taylor talked of certain fundamental truths which, to his mind, were of vital import to the American people. Because of the simple sincerity of his words, *Coronet* is reprinting them here in the belief that they convey an enduring and timeless message to all of us who must live through the sobering years that lie ahead.

—THE EDITORS

CHRISTMAS is the world's holiday. It is light and laughter, love and tenderness, sympathy and good impulses; dedicated to the well-being of all of us, and especially to our children. It reaffirms the basic elements of human goodness.

The changing land we live in, with its miraculous standard of living, its advance from the more simple life of other times, has never outstripped human kindness. One good act after another may flow so gently through our lives that we may not always realize how heavily the good deeds and the good people outnumber the bad.

Proof that this has always been true is available to each of us—ready for inspection—in our own hearts, where our happiest memories are stored. Reliving them can give us reassurance and guidance.

So I am going back to the Christmas Eve of 1908, which for most of us is a long time ago, although in the headlong rush of our land it is just yesterday.

I was a boy, six years old, visiting my grandparents in the country outside Columbus, Ohio. There was snow everywhere that Christmas Eve, and the little house looked like

a great white mound except for smoke rising from the chimney.

I had dug a path to the barn, and was pretending I was lost at the North Pole—like a great Arctic explorer—when suddenly there was a trample of hoofs, a loud “Whoa!” and a plowing of the snowdrift. There stood two great steaming black horses, frost hanging to their muzzles.

My Uncle Ned had delivered a load of wood and was blowing smoky breath on his hands to get them warm. How was I to know, standing there in my copper-toed boots, that I was on the threshold of adventure and romance?

I had never been ten miles from home. My life contained not one item of luxury and convenience that most of us and our children find so near at hand today. Even my mittens, the red comforter around my neck and the denim trousers over my legs were home-cut and home-sewed.

The door of the house creaked open and Mother stood there, asking Uncle Ned to come in and thaw out. He laughed like Santa Claus as he said, “Merry Christmas!” Then he walked up close to Mother, a twinkle in his eye.

“I want to borrow a boy for Christmas,” he said. “Madie told me to get him even if I had to steal him. I’ll have him back here bright and early tomorrow to see what’s in his stocking.”

I was so astonished I could not speak. Uncle Ned’s and Aunt Madie’s farm a few miles away, and they had no children. The idea of the trip was all the Paradise that I could ask at Christmas.

“Can I go?” I stammered, and

Mother smiled and told me to get my face washed. In ten minutes I was propped in Uncle Ned’s sleigh, close under his arm, and the horses were lunging so hard that I had to hang on and not lose Mother’s pumpkin pie for Aunt Madie besides.

HOW CAN I describe Uncle Ned’s cottage and the Christmas Eve welcome: the one weatherbeaten and the other kindness raised on high. I can still see every corner of that home: the blazing log in the fire-place, a canary that warbled beautifully; a wall motto woven in colored thread, “Do Unto Others As You Would Have Others Do Unto You.”

Uncle Ned rocked and smoked his pipe and told me marvelous tales of the time when he was a little boy like me. Aunt Madie sat with a white lace cap on her head, a half-knit stocking in her hands, plying her needles, humming softly.

There was no auto in the barn; no radio in the parlor; no telephone, no furnace, no gas or hot water. There was no electric light. But hospitality, integrity, trust, cooperation and—most of all—a *sense of principles*: these were everywhere in this house.

Well, time came for dinner. Uncle Ned asked a blessing—a plea to the Almighty that we might always remember the Golden Rule; and a special plea for the boy who had been borrowed at Christmas. Then the meal: no Waldorf chef ever concocted better food.

Aunt Madie caught my gaze as the meal went on and asked: “Why do you look at me, Henry?”—and I stammered and said, “Because I love you and you are so good.”

What had I done! What *had* I done! Tears filled her eyes. She stood up and came around my chair, placed her warm arms around me and kissed me, while Uncle Ned wheezed: "Madie, you ought to have had a dozen of your own."

Then, when evening came and lamps were lighted, Aunt Madie took out a big, tattered old book and sang in a low voice, *Silent Night, Holy Night*. And Uncle Ned let me sit close to him by the fire and told me more stories about wolves and bears that were in the Ohio forests when he was a boy!

Finally, hickory nuts were cracked and eaten, a bag of red apples was put aside for me to take home; then my Christmas present was laid before me: a fragile china cup marked in gold and blue lettering—"To A Good Boy."

But it was growing late and as the fire burned lower the world seemed slipping away. I was carried to a soft bed in Aunt Madie's room.

HAPPY AS MY DREAMS must have been that Christmas Eve, no one alive then could have dreamed of the good and miraculous things which are commonplace in our lives today. Our advance has left behind forever countless daily worries and limitations. We wouldn't go back to the so-called "old days" even if we could.

For most of our new troubles we can blame only ourselves. We lose much of the real value in our progress because we so often do not distinguish between those ideas and actions which lead us ahead and those which hold us back. We can and will obtain the happiness for which our progress was destined only if

we have the wisdom to pick up the threads from the homely wall motto of our earlier lives: "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Others Do Unto You."

It is nearly 2,000 years since that need was expressed through the birth of the Christ Child. In all the books, and through all the years, there has never been a better guide for the solution of our problems. Right now, faced by the aftermaths of war, we are at a turning point. This simple principle could lead us to a new era.

But we must not think of our day as entirely new. We should not think only in terms of scientific, economic and social changes and imagine that these developments change everything. We must never forget that our *moral needs*, represented by the Golden Rule, remain *absolutely* unchanged. And absolutely unchangeable.

Integrity, trustworthiness, cooperation and a sense of principles are as needed now as ever. The more complicated our life, the more they are needed. Without them, we could not live together for 24 hours.

The whole new age does not affect this fact. An auto in the garage, a radio in the parlor, a telephone, a furnace, electric lights all over the place and cash in the bank have nothing whatever to do with the moral requirements which allow us to live together.

Let me repeat: our moral needs as living people remain *absolutely unchanged and absolutely unchangeable*. If we forget this we shall find ourselves floundering without the perpetual guides and safeguards that we must depend upon now more than at any period in history.

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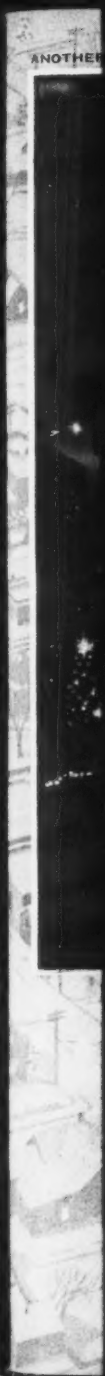
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ET

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY JAMES BINGHAM.



Christmas Eve

The streets are hushed and deserted; on the still, cold air hangs the fragrance of pine and balsam. In houses radiant with the spirit of Christmas, the children sleep lightly, impatient for morning to come. It is a solemn and serene night. And tomorrow will be a day of glory.



RUBY AND BOBBIE MAXSON, AN ICE FOLLIES SISTER-AND-BROTHER TEAM. KODACHROME BY IRVING MOULIN

America's Home-Grown ICE FOLLIES

ONE OF THE biggest shows in the entertainment world is produced not by a Billy Rose or a Robert Ringling, but by three back-yard amateurs who didn't even know a make-up kit from a property box when they started.

by TEMPLE H. FIELDING

Seventeen million people have already seen this show. Four million dollars' worth of tickets are snapped up yearly by an eager public. In a decade the homespun, unorthodox *Ice Follies*, dreamed up by three boys from St. Paul, Min-

nesota—Oscar Johnson and the Shipstad brothers—has smashed all records in entertainment history.

The *Ice Follies* today is a sparkling revue combining the color and gaiety of a musical comedy with the athletic grace of championship figure skating. Its growth has been little short of phenomenal.

Starting with 27 neighborhood youngsters, the road company has grown to 165 skaters and technicians. The first troupe traveled in one dilapidated bus; now the company moves in 14 special railroad cars. In early days the skaters played scattered two-night engagements; the Tenth Anniversary Tour played more than 40 weeks from coast to coast.

Twelve professional fitters have replaced the three partners' wives as wardrobe mistresses. Four merchant tailors now substitute for the 16-year-old comedienne who doubled as traveling dressmaker. Seventy San Francisco seamstresses have taken over the duties of the Johnson family sewing machine. The first dime-store oilcloth ballet skirts have been discarded for \$200,000 worth of glittering costumes. Obviously the three country impresarios and their eager band of amateurs have come a long way!

The colossal show started with nothing but courage and an idea. Eddie and Roy Shipstad were two of the ten children of Swedish immigrants who lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in St. Paul. After school they sold newspapers, delivered groceries, took odd jobs. Whenever they played hookey from the classroom, they skated. Skating was their passion.

Eddie, the older brother, traded

a soap-box coaster for a pair of girl's shoe skates; he then passed on to Roy his crude clamp skates. The brothers sold popcorn and washed dishes at the local rink, always watching the experts, and when their duties were over they would race to the frozen swamps to try new tricks for themselves.

Oscar Johnson, who grew up three blocks from the Shipstads, shared their passion for ice. At six he was skating on a homemade rink his mother created by pumping water into the back yard. At 16, he had won the Northwest junior speed-skating championship. He was older and more polished than Eddie Shipstad but they used to clown together to amuse the crowds on the public pond. Right there an idea was born—why not work up a comedy twosome, a vaudeville act on ice?

Roy was too young; he was to join them later. In the bitter Minnesota nights they practiced in swamp clearings until they had developed a creditable routine. Their first public appearance was at a charity carnival on one of the river rinks. Their fee was modest; two hot dogs, two cups of coffee, and a chance to show a bona fide audience what they could do.

IN 1926, AFTER countless benefits, they got their first professional engagement—four nights at \$50 a performance, for doing a comedy act in horse costume between periods of hockey games at Madison Square Garden. This single success crystallized their dream. Why not assemble a full evening's entertainment—a complete ice show, with costumes, music, specialty acts, a

ballet and paid admissions?

But it was an unheard-of gamble; theatrical backers scoffed at the absurd idea of these unknown swamp skaters. No one would help them. After a series of heartbreaking failures they were forced to split up the team. Johnson went back to his old job as a junior chemist; Eddie Shipstad became a typewriter salesman. Roy Shipstad, grown up now to be a champion skater himself, became a parking attendant in the Hotel Nicolet, Minneapolis. It was always Roy who raced up to get the cars on the top floors. Five flights of stairs are good for leg muscles; like the others, Roy had to be ready when the Big Chance came.

Two years later Edward Mahlke, a skating enthusiast who couldn't forget the act, persuaded the manager of Chicago's College Inn to book the three boys in a floor show. Roy did a dazzling solo as the human top; Eddie and Oscar in their comic horse costume were better than ever. Their contracts were extended again and again; after 16 months, with Mahlke helping all he could, they were ready to back their dream with cash.

Back in Minnesota they rounded up 24 neighborhood kids who had faith in the project, and spent most of their capital in chartering an old bus. Recruits for the chorus were then, as now, North Country amateurs—neighborhood boys and girls who step directly from local rinks to this biggest show on ice. Talent agencies would "make our kids professional show people," Oscar Johnson says.

Hotels were too expensive for this little band of skaters; at night

they would pull off the road and sleep in the bus. In Missouri they were fined \$25 for overloading. Their diet was scrappy—hot dogs, hamburgers and fried egg sandwiches.

The costumes were ingenious and inexpensive. Johnson's sister had made 68 of them on the family sewing machine, enough for two complete changes and the specialty numbers. Most of the material was oilcloth from the St. Paul five-and-ten store. Roy did his specialty in a suit of long underwear dyed black. The partners spent most of their idle moments in dressing up this suit; when they finished they had hand-sewn to it more than 16,000 spangles. For the Bowery Duet, Eddie's false hair was the beard of a discarded Halloween mask; Oscar's trousers were made from one of his mother's old skirts; the total cost was less than \$4.

THEIR FIRST booking was at Tulsa, where they arrived with their slender funds nearly gone. Johnson told no one of a separate account he kept in reserve, exactly enough for 27 return fares to St. Paul. The company tightened their belts; discouragement went out the window.

The partners themselves painted a colorful checkerboard pattern on the ice, then froze a transparent top layer just in time for the opening night. Their wives doubled as wardrobe mistresses; Roy Heim, a brother-in-law and a star, was prop man and scene shifter; even the bus driver rehearsed in the chorus when he wasn't cleaning spark plugs or painting sets. It was sure-fire; there was no guaranteed fee, but the promise of 50 per cent of

the box office would surely give each of the tired company a room, a bath and a beefsteak.

But luck wouldn't have it. There was an infantile paralysis epidemic in Tulsa, and health authorities had ordered what amounted to a general quarantine. When the lights went down at 8:30, and 27 eager youngsters glided on the ice for the opening ballet, they stared in disbelief—at an audience of exactly 26 customers. The girls in the line were in tears; a few of the younger boys wept openly; Johnson saved the day when he skated off after his specialty, smiled sympathetically at the discouraged chorus, and quipped, "Don't be afraid, folks! If these birds give us any trouble, just remember that we outnumber them!"

Two nights in Tulsa, and they were again on the road. They arrived in Kansas City, their next stop, on the heels of a blizzard. People couldn't get out of their homes; again they played to nearly empty arenas.

At St. Louis they nearly foundered. Complete novices in the arts of promotion, they would mail ahead their only set of 30 precious pictures, stamped on the back "Please hold for the Shipstads and Johnson. We will call." Somehow this time the pictures never reached the newspapers; there was not a single line of advance publicity. When the company arrived it was too late to attract the crowds.

But nothing could stop this home-grown Follies. The three sons of Swedish immigrants and the kids from their neighborhood stubbornly refused to back down. They knew they were good, because they

came from a place where skating is like walking. All that remained was to educate America to this new idea of entertainment on ice.

Philadelphia was better. They were slowly catching on. Three more stops—then, to their surprise, return engagements in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, where people who had missed this novelty stormed the box offices to see it. There were 83 performances that first year, and the gross was \$96,000—enough to pay the bills and leave the three partners with empty pockets.

Unperturbed, they returned to St. Paul, talked with more neighbors who shared their faith, and worked out plans for the following fall. Bit by bit, month by month the show grew; and when finally the public woke up to this unique interloper in the amusement field, it had become one of the biggest live attractions in America.

OF THE ORIGINAL GROUP, 14 are still with the show, and eight of them are its biggest stars. Bert Lundblad, the kindly Swedish bus driver, is now stage manager, married to the wardrobe director. Heinie Brock, Phyllis Legg, the Maxsons, Vera Nelson—and, of course, the Shipstads and Johnson are still enthralling lovers of championship skating.

In spite of their startling prosperity, the partners are still small-town Americans who can't quite believe that their dream has come true. They take no special privileges in their little community. Before their specialties they skate unannounced in the chorus line; the company seems to run itself without bosses. Members of the

cast are still "their kids," and they take paternal pride in listening to the troubles of their 200 adopted sons and daughters.

Two smaller shows have sprung from the big one. *Ice Cycles*, the testing ground for younger talent, is operated in conjunction with *Ice Capades*, a competitive production. A cast of 85, headlined by stars on loan from the sponsors, plays smaller towns where ice extravaganzas have never before been presented—a unique example of cooperation between lively business rivals.

The other show is a charity project, informal and entirely voluntary. Eight years ago the partners entertained in a hospital ward—and the *Iceless Follies* was born. With

a permanent cast of 35 dancers, comedians and singers from the *Ice Capades* and the *Ice Follies*, it has played at hundreds of institutions since. There's no skating, of course—but the costumes are the same, the girls are as pretty.

These three sons of Swedish immigrants came up the hard way. A coal chemist, a typewriter mechanic and a parking-lot attendant had a dream; after that, nothing could stop their unorthodox production. They had the vision and heart to see it through; and they also had the unwavering loyalty of 24 of their neighbors. Together these back-yard skaters have blazed a new trail in sparkling American entertainment.



Smart Talking

A VENTRILOQUIST who hadn't worked for a long time found himself broke in a small town. Accompanied by a dog of dubious ancestry he had picked up on the road, he walked into a tavern and ordered a beer. Then he turned to his pet and asked, "What'll you have?"

"I'll have a ham sandwich," replied the dog.

The bartender stared in disbelief. "Did you hear that?" he asked the ventriloquist.

"I sure did," replied his customer. "That, my friend, is the only talking dog in the world."

The barkeep finally collected his wits, brought the ham sandwich, and watched the dog eat it.

"Anything else?" asked the ventriloquist.

"That's all for me," said the dog.

"Mister," said the bartender, "what do you want for that dog?"

"Oh, he's not for sale at any price," said the ventriloquist. "But I'm a little hard up right now, and if you'll lend me \$50, I'll leave him here with you as security."

The barkeep eagerly withdrew the money from the till, hoping that the dog's seedy-looking master would never return to claim him. The ventriloquist tied the dog to the bar with a piece of rope and started to walk out. At the door he turned to take a last look at the dog.

The animal looked up and said reproachfully, "You ungrateful cuss! After all I've done for you, you leave me here for \$50. But I'll fix you—I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

And he never did.

Tulane's Campus "Criminals"

by KATHARINE BEST



Once a semester, a reasonable facsimile of murder or mayhem shatters the peace of a quiet Southern college

CLASSROOMS AT Tulane University once more rustle with the sounds of learning as students bury their noses in textbooks, unaware that at any moment murder may be committed at the blackboard. The campus libraries, as before, buzz with the whisperings of scholars who have remembered to keep their voices low but who have forgotten that libraries are often the scene of assault and battery.

The dormitories, the cafeteria, the gymnasium, the quiet lawns beside the quiet lakes in New Orleans' Audubon Park—Tulane's boys and girls again fill these places with their presence and their chatter, with never a notion that without warning they may witness a shooting, a robbery or a kidnapping.

Except for the war years, it has been so for a long time on the serene, shaded campus in New Orleans. For every semester, as regularly as the clock in Dinwiddie Hall ticks off the unsuspecting seconds, a crime is committed. Not exactly an orthodox crime, but one of such

vigor, such persuasion, such originality that almost always the student witnesses are taken by surprise and forced to believe they are seeing the real thing.

It's all a part of the curriculum at Tulane's College of Law—a series of staged manslaughter cases, holdups and peace disturbances which are executed each semester by the College's Moot Court Board to give law students experience in criminal law procedure. These crimes may take place anywhere on the campus, and only once has the student body been wary enough to mistrust the violence going on before its eyes.

The bookstore was quiet on a particular day not many semesters ago. The attendant was reading at her desk in the back. Her assistant was arranging maps along a wall. Two or three student customers browsed around. Suddenly the door was thrust open. There stood a masked man with his hand ominously in his pocket.

"This is a stickup," he growled. "Clean out your cash registers and hand me the money."

The attendant let out a yelp and froze helplessly. Her assistant leaned

weakly against the wall. One of the customers, a young arts and science student, strode toward the intruder.

"Aw," he said, "this is a fake. You haven't got a gun."

"Get back there," barked the bandit. "I've got a gun all right."

The student continued forward. The bandit's hand jerked up, a gun flashed into view, an explosion split the room. The student grabbed at his chest and, as red spurted from his shirt, fell to the floor. Threatening the other cowering victims with the still-hot gun, the robber then cleaned out the store's two cash registers, ran through the door and leaped into an already-moving car at the curb.

The campus literally pitched and tossed for the rest of the day. Campus police cleared the bookstore and stood guard until the coroner's arrival. Students formed themselves into excited little knots, jabbering and gesticulating. The bookstore attendant, revived from a solid faint, told over and over again to wide-eyed audiences what she had seen.

It was not until several hours later, when subpoenas were served on witnesses by seniors in the law college and the young arts and science student was seen, unblasted and punctual, at supper, that truth dawned. The bookstore holdup had been another of those college crimes. The student body promptly experienced a campus-wide case of chagrin and wariness.

"It's always like that," says Raymond Montgomery, chairman of the Moot Court Board. "If the case is well staged, the witnesses are at first certain that they have seen a real crime; then they become ashamed at having been taken in;

then they become very suspicious. That's why we can't stage but one crime a semester.

"Take the bookstore case, for example. It so fooled the witnesses that one fainted. Then, like all our Moot Court cases, it was developed in an orthodox legal manner. There was a coroner's inquest. Subpoenas were served on witnesses. Prosecuting and defense counsels were appointed. Then the case was tried in court, before a real judge.

"These framed cases give our students practice in every phase of criminal law, particularly cross-examination of witnesses. They learn to think fast on their feet, and that's what makes a good criminal lawyer."

THE ONLY PERSON familiar with a Moot Court crime from beginning to end is the student selected to commit it. Chosen by a member (sworn to secrecy) of the Moot Court or by Montgomery (sworn to secrecy), the "criminal" is told only the type of crime he is to stage. A student board selects the victim and the criminal's accomplices, the number depending on the crime. They have the whole semester at their disposal for the time element, the entire campus for locale. In direst stealth, they plan and rehearse their murder, assault and battery, robbery or kidnaping. In realistic violence, they execute it.

"If only," laments Leonard Oppenheim, law professor and faculty adviser to the board, "if *only* our students would work as hard at everything as they do to make these crimes seem real!"

One of the college's most successful ventures into illusory mayhem

was staged by two law students last spring. George Liskow and Joe Miranne, Jr., veterans of World War II and supposedly fast friends, began on a Friday to bicker and call one another names. Their fellow students were surprised and dismayed. On Saturday, feelings between the two reached angrier heights. Over the week end, Miranne was heard to complain of having lost his Contracts book, and to speculate vividly on who had picked it up. George was overheard to express himself in most unseemly terms about a former friend.

In Tuesday's freshman law class, George raised his hand in response to a question asked by the professor. Joe said, loudly and sneeringly, "Look at the eager beaver!" George jumped to his feet. Joe leaped to his, and leaned across the dividing desk.

"Let me see that book!" he demanded. "That looks like my Contracts book."

"Why, you . . ." snarled George, and the fight was on.

The class was shocked into immobility. The professor banged on his desk. Students looked in horror as the two men slugged at one another. George crashed into a chair and went down. A classmate, overcoming his apathy, grabbed Joe and backed him against a wall. Two others held George where he fell. Each was led off, bruised and muttering dire threats.

So clever had been the build up and so vehement the fight that it was late afternoon before classmates realized that once more they had been taken in by a Moot Court case. Joe and George had rehearsed their act until they knew it perfectly. They had practiced slugging and

crashing to the floor until they could do both without injury. James Wright, student who had backed Joe against the wall, was later subpoenaed as a witness.

"They fooled me all right," he admitted. "Joe was thrashing about, trying to get back at Liskow, and I heard myself giving him a lecture. 'Stop being a hothead,' I told him — 'you'll get kicked out of college, and with your war record, too'."

The assault and battery case was tried in the Law College's assembly hall before Judge William O'Hara of the Criminal District Court of the Parish of Orleans. The room was packed with enchanted students. As evidence that Tulane's Moot Court cases provide the college's seniors with challenging criminal problems, this trial joined the series as an exceptional case, only more entertaining. And the witnesses, being law students, gave the prosecuting and defense lawyers a verbal run for their money.

TULANE'S FIRST Moot Court crime was staged in 1927 under the direction of Dr. Rufus C. Harris, then dean of the Law College, now president of the University. Criminal tendencies formed by Tulane's students in all that time are confined entirely to the paraphernalia of crime—guns, blood, disguises and the like. Victims of murder, for instance, prepare for their dramatic demise by filling a paper cup with tomato ketchup and putting it in their shirt pocket. An accurately-timed clap at the pocket, and the sign of violent death is immediately visible.

The victim is usually killed, occasionally just wounded, and masks

serve as adequate disguises. But murder cases are detected as staged crimes almost immediately. A ketchup-spattered victim, regardless of his eagerness to simulate a corpse, can sustain immobility only a few minutes. The gun used in all murder cases, as far back as anyone can remember, is an old blank-filled .32 which was once used as the starting gun in Newcomb College's swimming meets.

This honorable though harmless weapon recently caused more alarm to a murderess than to her victim. The law library, on a balmy New Orleans day, simmered with reading and note-taking. The door opened and in walked a young Newcomb student named Connie Wiener. In an irate voice she asked for a law student named Nestor Currault.

"He isn't here," whispered someone. "He'll be in later."

Later the scene was repeated, with Nestor seated at a table. "Oh *there* you are!" sneered Connie. Words between them reached a boil and Nestor, visibly embarrassed, started to walk toward the door. Connie reached into her handbag. But nothing happened.

For long seconds there was an emotional vacuum in the room. Connie tugged at her bag. Nestor slowed his walk. The roomful of potential witnesses glanced quickly at one another. Too late, Connie jerked out the gun and fired, twice. Nestor crumpled to the floor.

By the time Connie had escaped through the door, helped by two accomplices, the students had their faces back in their books. They had not been fooled this time. "That," explains Raymond Montgomery, "was the only time we ever tried

two Moot Court crimes in one semester."

Sometimes when a "murder" is to be committed, it is necessary to tip off the New Orleans Police Department and the campus police. Such a "murder" once took place in the patio lunchroom. Raymond Montgomery, then a pre-law student, sat quietly, eating a sandwich.

"A student named Roy Theriot came up and sat beside me," Montgomery recalls. "They called him the Governor, for he wore a derby and always smoked a cigar. Pretty soon a Puerto Rico student named Antonio Bird walked to the table, slapped the Governor on the back and said something nasty. They started arguing and before I knew what was happening, Bird pulled a knife. The Governor jerked a gun from his pocket and fired."

The scene is remembered vividly by all the students who were lunching in the patio that day. Bird fell to the ground, spurting red. The Governor tore through the adjoining bookstore, but was stopped and seized. One of the horrified witnesses rushed to the phone and called the New Orleans police. Fortunately for them and for Tulane's record of peaceful pursuits, the Department had been warned. They took down the report, in all seriousness, and did nothing.

Tulane's records do not reveal the feelings of unwitting collaborators in these affairs. The case of Bruce Baird, Joyce Perez and Don Higgins is one in point. Bruce and Don had been selected to stage an assault and battery case. They decided to use Joyce without letting her know. Don began paying elaborate court to the young woman,

while Bruce publicly writhed in jealousy.

The situation flared to a climax in a legal bibliography class one morning. Bruce walked into the classroom late to find Don and Joyce sitting together, holding hands. He watched sullenly and then, without preliminaries, slammed his book on the desk.

Don and Joyce looked up curiously. Bruce strode over to Don, jerked him from his chair, banged him in the face with his fist and instigated uproarious bedlam. Every item of this case, from the selection of Bruce and Don as conspirators to the final judgment by the bench, is on the record—except Joyce's emotions when she realized how

efficiently she had been victimized.

The Joyces at Tulane have become numberless during the staging of some 35 Court crimes. Student after student will admit having been thoroughly deceived two, three and even four times. "You think once you've witnessed one of these crimes, they'll never catch you again. But time passes and all of a sudden something awful happens, and there you are—scared and believing again."

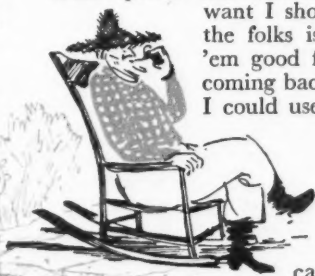
Which indicates that although the "murders" may deflate the egos of supposedly alert students, the over-all effect is precisely what is desired by Tulane's "master criminal"—Dean Paul Brosman of the Law School.

Might As Well Stay Put

A Maine countryman was telling a New York visitor why he did not improve his hotel:

"Folks want to know why I don't fix up this buckboard road. I'll tell ya. If I did, I'd git a lot of automobile folks and they'd bring more. They isn't any secret about it. Give folks good food and good care and they keep a-coming back. I'd have to build some more cabins, and I'd git to making more money than we could spend. The wife and boy'd begin to git restive. They'd want I should start a hotel out to Bigelow. But the folks is all the same out to Bigelow. Give 'em good food and good care and they'll keep coming back. I'd git to making more money than I could use in Bigelow, so I'd have to go down to Portland. Folks ain't any diff-runt there. Feed 'em and care for 'em and they'd keep coming. So I'd have to start a hotel down to Boston. They tell me when a Boston man gits more money then he can spend in Boston he goes down to New York." There was another pause: "What in heck's beyond New York?"

—BURGES JOHNSON, *As Much As I Dare*



New Eyes for the Needy

by KATHLEEN AND CLAYTON HARTSOE

Since 1933, an indomitable woman has made the precious gift of better sight to more than 30,000 unfortunate people

WINTER WINDS SWEPT about the building and a cold drizzle beat upon the hungry men and women who hurried into the warmth of the Red Cross food station. This was the Depression year of 1933 in New York City. Thousands were penniless, and while they could bear their own hunger the plight of their children had driven them to desperation.

Riots broke out. Something had to be done—and the Red Cross stepped into the breach. Summoning volunteers, emergency food stations were established throughout the city. Many of the women wore their Red Cross uniforms from World War I.

One of these was Julia Lawrence Terry, who had come from Short Hills, New Jersey, to serve. As she distributed packages a frown crossed her brow. The Red Cross was supplying these men and women with food: most of them had some kind of shelter against the elements. Yet there was something else that troubled her.

Every person who applied for food brought a card showing that the home had been visited and the case found deserving. In Red Cross files were matching cards for the

applicant to sign when he received his rations. But Mrs. Terry noticed that many men and women turned a squinting gaze upon the card when asked to write their names.

"Where are your glasses?" she asked one man.

He gave a short, cynical laugh. "Ma'am, if I had money for glasses I wouldn't be begging for food."

"But there must be some agency to help you," she said.

"Haven't heard of it if there is," he returned.

Every week she saw dozens of cases like that. Determined to help these unfortunate people, she went to General Davis, director of the Red Cross.

"Where can I send them, General?" she appealed. "These people need glasses as much as they need food or clothing."

"I'm afraid there's no organization that provides that kind of assistance," he replied.

Mrs. Terry turned away discouraged. But not defeated. She continued to ponder the problem as she worked in various food stations. Then suddenly she thought of the thousands of people who tossed away discarded glasses. Right there was born the idea for a social service that has no overhead, pays no salaries, makes little appeal for funds.

Mrs. Terry put her plan before

the Junior Service League of Short Hills. The members eagerly lent their aid. Local newspaper ads appeared for glasses that had been tossed aside. The response was immediate. Spectacles, opera glasses, even an occasional lorgnette found their way to Mrs. Terry's door.

Frames were carefully removed from all except the bifocals. Metal frames were placed in a heap to be sold, shell frames were put away for re-use. All unmarred lenses taken out of metal frames were turned over to the Seaman's Church Institute, which has an eye-care program of its own; magnifying glasses taken out of shell frames were sent to the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service, to be used by the aged in isolated mountain sections.

The metal frames are now sold to a refining company and the proceeds are deposited in a local bank. When Mrs. Terry first started her eye-saving campaign, a buyer of old gold and silver offered her only 10 per cent of the metal's value. Another plant in Newark now gives her 97 per cent. All expenses of the organization are paid with the proceeds.

With an avalanche of glasses pouring in, Mrs. Terry saw her dream of new eyes for the needy about to become a reality. Charitable groups selected deserving cases and sent them to her. Some 45 dif-

ferent organizations—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and Negro charities, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Red Cross, Salvation Army—referred applicants to her.

After interviewing an applicant, Mrs. Terry would have his eyes examined by a Park Avenue oculist. Then new glasses were ground to prescription by a New York optical firm and the finished lenses fitted into the shell frames saved from contributions. Both oculist and optician were paid with money derived from the sale of metal frames.

There is nothing of the air of a social-service or charity worker about Mrs. Terry, nor does she feel that her organization is dispensing charity. Rather, it is making good use of materials that would otherwise be wasted—and waste in Mrs. Terry's lexicon is a cardinal sin as long as there are people, anywhere, in need of help.

SINCE MRS. TERRY launched her plan in 1933, she has furnished glasses for more than 20,000 people, her services reaching as far away as Georgia and California. When New York City became aware of the job she was doing, office space was supplied where she could interview applicants. During the war, a more convenient location was made available through the AWVS;



at present she is located in the center of Manhattan, in quarters furnished by the American Legion in recognition of the assistance she has rendered to veterans.

The late Alexander Woolcott was so impressed with Mrs. Terry's program that he devoted radio time to telling the nation about it. As a result 15,000 pairs of glasses poured in from all over the country. When Dave Elman voiced a request for discarded spectacles on his *Hobby Lobby* program, thousands more found their way to Mrs. Terry's door. Recently, after an item appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune*, seven bags of mail showed up at the little post office in Short Hills.

One day as Mrs. Terry thumbed through a magazine a cartoon caught her eye. A pair of glasses was sailing through a window, destined for a wastebasket below. Immediately she picked up the phone

and asked the artist for permission to use his sketch to further her project. Now each leaflet she distributes carries the sketch with Mrs. Terry's plea in bold letters: "Please Don't Throw Away Your Old Spectacles!"

Since waste of any kind is repugnant to her, no time is lost on committee meetings, and on days when interviews are held she is at her desk at the scheduled moment. Men, women and children of every race and creed are waiting to see her and, as she explains, "I can't waste their time."

Even spare glass-cases are put to use. Converted into trim little sewing kits, they are sent to service camps throughout the country. The motto of Mrs. Terry's organization is, appropriately, "Do it yourself, do it now." As a result, thousands of people are enjoying one of life's greatest blessings—clearer and better vision.



The American Way

A MAN WHO DROVE up to Boston one day ran into trouble when he tried to park his car in a narrow, crowded street. Finally, disgusted, he drove right up on the sidewalk and left the car there. When he returned he found a note under the windshield wiper. It read: "In Boston, we do not park cars on the sidewalk." —ARTHUR BEISER

MOTHER (ON TELEPHONE)—"Helen, dear, do you mind if father and I leave your children with you and Bob this evening? We've been invited out to a bridge party." —Sunshine

AN EX-GI WHO was plenty "pitched off" from being ordered around in the Army was filling out an income-tax blank; he came to the part marked "Do not write in this space." Incensed at this limitation on his personal liberty, he penciled in the forbidden space:

"I will write where I damn please."

—Bealiner

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Condensed Book

Bob Hope's So This Is Peace



Bob Hope's hilarious new book, cast in the same mold as his runaway best seller, "I Never Left Home," is another winner in the literary sweepstakes. In "So This Is Peace" the irrepressible Hope turns his attention to reconversion, with uproarious results. Here are his newest and funniest gags, plus some sober reflections on the world of tomorrow.



Bob Hope's So This Is Peace

This book about peace is respectfully dedicated to those who say, "I don't want to hear any more about the war." Remember that what you don't hear about, you forget. And when you forget what war's like—you're in danger.

—BOB HOPE

WE'RE AT PEACE. We're not enjoying it, but we're at it. And it's sensational what can happen in just one year of it.

We have famine in the midst of plenty, and plenty in the midst of famine. The United Nations held meetings, but the meeting nations were never united. Great Britain's lion turned on Russia. The Russian Bear tried everything but Unguentine on Byrnes.

For four long years of war, our advertisements and radio commercials were filled with promises. We were told that reconversion would be rapid and that before we knew it, post-war cars would be pouring off the assembly lines. After a year, they only came off in a trickle. And if you don't believe it, try crossing Hollywood Boulevard. It's some trickle!

Everybody wants to know where all the cars are coming from, including that sensational Los Angeles used-car impresario, Madman Muntz, who advertises, "I'll Give

You a Million Dollars for Your Car, or Would You Rather Be a Pig?" and "You, Too, Can Sell Your Car to Madman Muntz and Be a Wealthy Pedestrian."

I can remember when a used car was a cheap, second-hand automobile with an engine that ran. Peace turned it into an expensive, second-hand automobile with a dealer that runs.

The competition's so keen that all the money you need to buy a 1927 wreck and wind up with four flat tires and a wallet to match, is the OPA ceiling price; plus a reward to the guy who steered you to the lot; plus a bonus to the guy who runs the lot; plus your nearly new 1941 convertible. And they give you up to 90 minutes to pay.

There's a story that a guy took a 1940 Buick he paid \$1,500 for and sold it to the Madman for \$2,000. He then took the two G's and paid \$1,200 for a 1938 Ford V-8 which he sold for \$800 to buy a 1926 Cadillac runabout for \$750, which

he sold for \$500. He took the five bills and invested them in a very snappy 1904 Lozier with acetylene brass lamps, demountable rims, folding windshield, one-man top, duster and cap. And as he was driving this rig home, past Warner Brothers' Studio, a prop man came running out and stopped him, saying "We need that Lozier in a picture we're shooting!" and offered him \$3,000.

Overjoyed at this smart business transaction, the guy took the three G's and went back to the lot where he'd sold his \$1,500 car for \$2,000 and bought it back for \$3,000. And everyone says I got a bargain.

But the 1947 jobs are really wonderful. One model actually makes it easier for you when you pass a blonde. The headlight squirts Sen-Sen and your right fender turns into an iron claw that grabs her and throws her into the back seat. This model has such a fancy horn that you not only need a driver's license but a special union card signed by Petrillo personally.

From Alaska to Antibes, from Bizerte to Berlin, from Prestwick to Peleliu, from '41 to '45, wherever servicemen were sweating out the duration, I heard them trying to define peace in terms of what it meant to them. It was a sort of global *These Foolish Things Remind Me of You*.

But a lot of living and a lot of memories are mixed up with bugle calls, mess kits and B-bags. I was driving to the studio one day early in 1946 and picked up a guy who was thumbing a ride. He had a discharge button in his lapel, his clothes were pre-war and he told me he'd seen my show in the ETO.

But he rode with me anyway. Those guys are great. Not one of them carried a grudge.

I asked him how he liked being a civilian again. He just shook his head and smiled. I asked him if he had a job. He just shook his head and smiled. He didn't seem to have any real enthusiasm for the life he'd looked forward to and longed to get back to.

Then we passed a corner where a guy in uniform was standing. He had the Timberwolf patch on his shoulder. All of a sudden my rider came to life and almost shouted, "Stop the car; I want to get out and talk to that soldier."

"Know him?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly, but sort of."

"What do you mean?"

"He's from my old outfit. Let me out." I stopped the car. The guy said, "Thanks," and went back to talk to a friend he'd never met.

AS SOON AS V-J DAY turned into yesterday, everybody started talking about what nobody has yet called N-Day. That was that certain day when we were all suddenly and miraculously supposed to be "back to normal."

Ever since 1920 and Warren G. Harding, we've been hoping to "get back to normalcy." So the 1946 version consisted of two groups. One group said, "Go this way"; one said, "Go that way." One said, "Save." The other said, "Spend." Naturally my sympathies were with the group that favored saving. But I liked to go out to dinner with the spenders.

While the two groups were arguing, the people began to realize they didn't have any desire to "get

back to normal." I know that what my parents thought was normal certainly isn't what people today consider normal. My parents thought *I* was normal.

Normal, before the war, was at least 200 miles an hour slower than it is today.

My first trip on the Lockheed Constellation was a wonderful ride. Beside the pilot and co-pilot, the ship carries an engineer. And beside the engineer you'll find two stewardesses. And beside the two stewardesses you'll find me. But it's really not the two stewardesses or the four motors or the high speed that I like about the Constellation. It's that engineer. He's my type. All he does is sit and gaze at instruments, leaving the two pilots to devote all their time to flying and answering passengers' questions. Answering questions is tough because by the time a passenger has managed to say "Where are we?" and the pilot looks to see, you're somewhere else.

And that brings us to jet propulsion. Actually, jet propulsion is just life catching up with a radio sound effect. When we do a sketch we say, "Let's go to Skinny Ennis' house" . . . the sound man makes a certain noise . . . and we're there! That's jet propulsion . . . a sound effect you can ride in.

And they're developing it so fast, in conjunction with atomic energy, that soon a kid in Chungking will holler, "Hey, ma, I'm goin' to London to play softball with some Detroit kids" . . . climb onto his jet-propelled scooter and woosh off so fast he won't hear his mother yell, "Be home for dinner by 6,

your father has to go to a poker game in Buenos Aires."

But along with the speed and comfort that the airways are offering at attractive prices, there's plenty of cause for worry. The railroads have the cause. And they've started to fight back.

It took the keen competition after a global war to get them to operate through Pullman service from coast to coast. Formerly you couldn't get through Chicago without changing cars unless you were a cow, and too often they routed the cows through the Stockyards. But now there's no more changing cars in the Windy City, which means Chicago cab drivers must be satisfied with just killing Chicagoans.

As soon as the railroads got that kid out of Upper Seven, they saw the smoke-writing in the sky and the Greyhounds on the road. Pullman began to get competition from Budd, and the pictures and prices of railroad accommodations in the ads made people suffering from the housing shortage try to get a two-year lease on a compartment on the Super-Chief.

WHEN PEOPLE tell me, with tears in their bloodshot eyes, that they just can't go on taking it on the chin—shortages, high prices, Crosby—I wonder what they would do if they had ever seen a concentration camp from the inside.

Concentration camp! We fought to free the people slammed into those common enclosures, those corrals of human misery, for their intellectual and religious leanings. And yet, one full year after peace, those camps still exist, only their

occupants are now called D. P's. . . . Displaced Persons . . . the miserable, unhappy flotsam and jetsam of war for whom there is no haven, no home and no happiness.

In Europe, D. P's are people who have been physically displaced from that part of the world in which they lived, grew up, and had their hopes. Here in the U. S. we have our displaced persons, too. We call them veterans.

I was shocked to learn that disabled men, totally hospitalized men, receive only \$20 a month from their grateful government. That sounds to me as if a soldier got a \$30 cut in pay because he was careless enough to get hurt. Whatever the laws are, how can we, a rich and free people who cheered these men on to make unbelievable sacrifices, sit idly by while many of them languish in our own version—the 1946, U.S.A. version—of concentration camps, which we call hospitals, with only 66 cents a day to spend on necessary toilet accessories, phone calls home, smokes, sweets, reading matter, and any little presents they might want to buy, perhaps for a little son or daughter seen too seldom?

They can't save much. Not at those prices. They can't even afford to join a veterans' association. There's a fight on to see that they get better. Let's hope it's won by the time this reaches you. If it's not, let's hope you'll join the fight.

And the fight's not only to see that our veterans are remembered. We have a fight to see that the war is remembered, to keep Americans mindful of the fact that this is the home of government "of the people,

by the people, and for the people." That one race is as good as another, and that any man is entitled to worship God as he sees fit. We must defeat the kind of thinking that created a world of concentration camps. I saw one of them . . . Dachau.

They told us the place had been cleaned up. But seeing the assembly-line methods that had been set up by one group of "civilized human beings" to slaughter another group of civilized human beings was a sickening physical shock.

We saw the huge room labeled "Bathroom," where the SS boys used to send the prisoners after giving them a washcloth and instructions to clean up. It had shower heads in the ceiling but no water ever came out of them. They were dummies. The real purpose was achieved by slits in the walls through which, once the doors were bolted, poison gas was pumped.

We also saw the ovens and, standing beside them, several cans containing the ashes of American fliers who'd visited the ovens a few months before we did. There was also sort of a waiting room where living bodies were piled. The walls were bloodstained and marked by deep scratches made in solid concrete by human fingernails.

This room was near the outdoor shooting gallery. Two blank walls against which thousands of prisoners of all nationalities had been machine-gunned. With typical Teutonic delicacy they allocated one wall for men, the other for women and children.

Behind these were the kennels where they kept the mad dogs that

the guards turned loose among the prisoners when they wanted a few laughs. Although I saw it all with my own eyes, it was hard to believe. And I'm setting it down here because I think things like that cannot be said and resaid too often. As soon as anyone forgets, that's how soon it can all happen again.

WITH EVERYBODY picketing everybody else for wanting to make a little extra money, and everybody accusing everybody else of keeping the peace from paying off, it's worked out so that we still go into restaurants, stores and markets with that hopeless, shamefaced expression we had during rationing, and whisper, "Can I have a pound of butter?" as if we were asking for a bundle of snow. We do this because from the middle of 1942 to the middle of 1945, we found out that there was absolutely no good answer to a sharply spoken, "Don't you know there's a war going on?"

Now it's the customers who are saying, "Don't you know there's a peace going on?"

How long it'll keep going on is any man's guess, with electronic controls, atomic rays and atomic bombs. No kidding, one high hunk of army brass tabbed the length of the next war at 40 minutes.

The one consoling thought is, if there's got to be a war, the short kind of war is best. I know, because I've checked with veterans who fought for the five freedoms . . . freedom of thought . . . freedom from want . . . freedom from fear . . . freedom of worship . . . and freedom from the army.

Not so very long ago, as we

started out on our first personal appearance tour for civilians, I left Hollywood thinking this country was seething with internal confusion. People told me the conflicting interests of a nation the size of ours had finally gotten out of hand. But I soon discovered that the people in the Northwest, the people in the Southwest, the people in the Middlewest and the people in the Northeast and Southeast were all aching for exactly the same thing. They didn't want Utopia. They didn't expect any solo on the horn of plenty. All they wanted . . . all they were looking for . . . was a vacant house.

And they're all going to get them. The building boom has really started. Every place we went we saw new houses half built and happy families living in them.

I honestly didn't realize how serious the housing situation was until the day I walked up to a phone booth and saw a guy in it depositing a hatful of nickels. I said to him, "Brother, you must be calling China."

He said, "No. I'm just paying my rent."

In Tacoma, Marine Sergeant Jimmy Sames showed us 30 to 40 brand-new homes all beautifully painted green to match the lumber. Jimmy admitted that the lumber was green. But he said he played fair with the people who bought the houses. He gave them each a set of pruning shears.

But the situation really isn't funny. Between a shortage of building materials, a shortage of people willing to build small, inexpensive homes, and a shortage of memory

on the part of all of us who once said, "Nothing will be too good for the boys when they come back," our vets are finding the housing situation pretty rugged. And the worst rap of all is when an ex-enlisted man with his wife and baby finally find a vacancy and can't take it because the landlord won't allow children. The only trouble with children is that some of them grow up to be that kind of landlord.

IN TRAVELING AROUND I came across different groups of people fighting for what they wanted. They didn't see anything unusual in that. But the group they were fighting always called them a pressure group. One Navy nurse I first met in Honolulu and talked to again in Des Moines told me that her only beef about all the pressure groups was that there were so many of them, a housewife still couldn't walk into a store and buy a pressure cooker. Pressure cooker, that's a pot that only takes two minutes to cook your vegetables and blow the roof off your house.

In some parts of the country the gals told me they were using pressure cookers to can food and in other parts they were quick-freezing their

extra stuff in deep-freeze units. They're really wonderful and a big improvement on the refrigerator.

It took women a long time to become emancipated from the icebox and the nuisance of that steady drip on the back porch day after day. Then came the electric refrigerator and those long lonesome mornings. Now, however, with the deep freeze, everything is back to normal. Just as the icebox only worked if the iceman came every day, the deep-freeze unit only works if the appliance man comes every day. And the finance man once a week.

There's an endless string of new things coming along and old things growing more mellow, just as there always has been and always will be. Even when the early colonists had the idea that all men were created equal, it was laughed at as a crazy post-war idea that wouldn't work. It worked. And it'll continue to work. It's still working better here, where it started, than any place else in the world. And while to some the post-war world might have seemed a little slow in getting started, take it from a traveler who's seen a lot of it . . . it hasn't been left at the post.



Taking No Chances

THE SMALL SON of an important executive wrote to Santa Claus, asking for an inordinately long list of presents. The letter ended thus: "If you can't handle this deal, let me know and I'll take the matter up with Dad."

—P. H. D. SHERIDAN

The Fabulous Feats of "Snowshoe" Thompson

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

For 20 unrewarded years, a superman on skis defied furious snowstorms and mountain hazards to get the mail through

SOMEWHERE IN THE FILES of the U. S. Post Office Department is a 70-year old petition signed by officials of the State of Nevada and of Carson City. It recommends payment of \$6,000 to a man who for 20 years faithfully carried the mail. In Genoa, Nevada, beneath a weather-beaten tombstone adorned with two carved skis, lies the remarkable mailman named in the petition, John A. Thompson.

For an unrewarded score of years he skied the mail over the mountain route between Placerville, California, and Carson City, Nevada. Performing feats of super-human strength in blizzard, cold and snow-drift, he traveled 91 miles each way, carrying 100 pounds of mail on his back in weather that stopped every other living thing.

It was in 1837 that young Thompson sailed around the Horn from Telemarken, Norway, and ended up in Illinois. In 1848, lured by tales of the gold rush, he moved to Sacramento. Although brawny and willing, Thompson had no luck in finding gold so he gave up the quest and took to odd jobs.

When winter came to Placerville, setting up a white wall between California and the East, the mail

went out by ship, around the Horn or by way of the Isthmus of Panama. One day Thompson's boss, Bill Bradwick, addressed a letter to his wife in Philadelphia.

"With luck she will get that in about three months," he said.

Thompson looked toward the snowy Sierras. "Why don't you send that letter over the mountains?" he asked. "Carson City is only 90 miles away and from there the stage goes East."

"No one could run mail over those mountains in winter," Bradwick said.

"I could," said Thompson. "I'll make a pair of skis and try."

From oak he made a pair of stout Norwegian skis and a pole. Then he said to Bradwick: "I'll take your letter to Carson City."

"On those funny snowshoes?" Bradwick demanded.

"They're skis," said Thompson. "Like we use in Norway."

"Snowshoes!" Bradwick insisted, for few Westerners had seen skis.

Thus "Snowshoe" Thompson set out at dawn for Carson City. Bradwick had given him an overcoat and a blanket, someone else had contributed a revolver. But no one ever expected to see him again.

Five days later he was back in Placerville, having fought the last 20 miles through a snowstorm. Promptly he suggested to a con-

tractor who served as the postmaster that he run a regular mail route—on a trial basis. When he had proved he could meet a regular schedule, he would be paid \$200 a month. The postmaster agreed.

On the next trip, Thompson loaded himself with 100 pounds of mail. Because of the load he left his revolver, blanket and overcoat behind. Then he skied his way to Carson City in three days.

All that winter—and for 19 following winters—he kept to that timetable, rarely missing his schedule and never losing a letter. He wore out several pairs of sturdy skis; he *schussed* down mountain sides and tediously climbed slopes; he seemed impervious to cold; he slept on balsam boughs.

MANY A PROSPECTOR lost in the mountains owed his life to "Snowshoe" Thompson. For instance, Jimmy Sisson. Sisson had tried to cross the High Sierras on his own. When Thompson found him two days out of Placerville, both legs were frozen and gangrene had set in.

With 100 pounds of mail on his back, "Snowshoe" carried Sisson into a shelter of pine forest. After building a lean-to and a fire, he pushed on for Carson City.

At 2 A.M. he routed Dr. Daggett out of bed. The physician shook his

head. "You'll have to bring Sisson here where I can amputate," he said. "Collect a party and take a sled up for him."

Thompson got the men together. They started out, the postman leading, but soon the party floundered far behind. Thompson skied back to them, took over the blankets.

"I'll meet you at the lean-to," he said. "Follow my tracks."

He arrived at Sisson's side hours ahead of the others. But when they started back to Carson City with the sled, it was slow going. Thompson took the sled rope and began towing himself up one slope and down the next, using skis and pole as a brake. At Carson City, he picked up the suffering man, carried him into Daggett's office.

Again the doctor shook his head. "An amputation case, just as I thought," he said. "But I can't go ahead. He won't survive without chloroform. And there's none in Carson City. Or in Reno either."

"Where can I get some, Doc?"

"Sacramento, I suppose. But that's 140 miles away."

"I'll get it," said Thompson. "Just keep Sisson going till I get back. I'll pick up the mail, drop it off at Placerville, then go on to Sacramento."

"You're crazy," Daggett began. "No man can—"

But "Snowshoe" was on his way.



Already he had covered 120 miles. Now he was planning to ski 280 more—without rest.

In two days he was back at Placerville with the mail. Bradwick and some prospectors watched him drop the sack and climb back on his skis.

"Where are you going?" Bradwick asked.

"Sacramento," was the reply.

They had to hold Thompson down. After a while, when he saw that protests were useless, he went to sleep. Next day the chloroform came from Sacramento, on horseback. Thompson grabbed it and got on his skis. Three days later he delivered the precious bottle to Daggett. And Sisson survived.

Thompson maintained his mail route for 20 years. Then one day he asked the Placerville postmaster: "Don't you think I've proved I can ski the mail on regular schedule?"

"Sure," the postmaster agreed. "Only I have no money to pay you. 'We'll have to write Washington.'"

The petition was drawn up, describing what Thompson had done for 20 winters and estimating the

government owed him \$6,000. But the winter passed without reply.

In March the sun shone brilliantly on the Sierra snow, dazzling the eyes of "Snowshoe" while he was carrying the mail. Snow-blind, he went over a precipice. Yet he finished the 65 miles to Placerville and delivered the mail—as usual.

Three more months passed without word from Washington. Then local prospectors took up a collection to pay Thompson's way East. There were tears of gratitude in his eyes when he took the money.

After being passed from one Washington office to another, Thompson was pathetically pleased when someone gave him a letter testifying to his years of loyal service. He pocketed the letter and went back to the High Sierras.

Not long afterward, Thompson died. When he was buried at Genoa, prospectors came from miles around to pay tribute and to finger the pair of crossed stone skis on his tombstone. But there was no emissary from the Post Office Department. Washington had found it easier to forget.

Casting His Bread



GEORGE BARR of Chicago believed that most people are honest and kind. To prove his faith he made a \$500 investment. Selecting 500 people—250 of them people he knew, the others heads of firms selected at random—he mailed each a \$1 bill. In an accompanying letter, Barr expressed his belief that every dollar would come back with several more for the Illinois Association for the Crippled.

"Remember, both my dollar and your dollar go to help crippled children and adults," he wrote. "Are people really kind—or really heartless? Have I made a good investment? What is your answer?"

Of the 500, only 35 did not reply. The other 465 each sent back the dollar with something added—from \$5 to \$100. The contributions, plus the \$465, totaled almost \$3,000.

—W. E. GOLDEN

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Unfurled from the how World

Air Lines

Mrs. Jones advertised for a governess for her granddaughter. When the applicant came, Mrs. Jones decided to test her on her methods of caring for the child. "How do you test the temperature of the child's bath?" she asked.

"Well," replied the governess, "I put the baby into the water. If she turns red, the water is too hot. If she turns blue, the water is too cold. If she turns white, she *needed* a bath."

—*Can You Top This, NBC*

"Yes, my father told me all about the birds at an early age. It had a great effect on my life."

"How was that?"

"Until I was 21 all I went out with was woodpeckers." —*Jack Kirkwood Show, CBS*

Onstage

The most enjoyable moment in every show is immediately after the curtain goes up and before everybody starts coughing.

—*The Doormat*

A theater usher walked down the aisle and whispered to a man in the sixth row. Then the usher and the man walked toward the exit together.

"What's the matter?" one of the spectators asked her companion. "Do

you suppose they're putting him out for laughing too hard?"

"No," he answered. "I guess the manager sent for him to find out what he was laughing at."

Before electric signs were invented actors were obliged to make their reputations by acting. —*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*

At the box office of a Broadway hit a customer was told, "Only standing room left."

"How much?" he queried.

"\$1.20 and \$1.80," was the reply.

"What's the difference?"

"The difference is this. For \$1.80 you can lean!"

—WALTER WINCHELL

I can always tell an actor by the glazed look that comes into his eye whenever the conversation wanders from himself.

—MRS. FISKE

A third-rate columnist encountered show producer George Abbott in Sardi's Restaurant and asked him if he had a joke.

"If I had one," snapped Abbott, "I'd go into rehearsal!"

—TED NATHAN

Film Flam

In a recent lawsuit, a film star described himself as the greatest actor in the world.

"You don't think much of yourself, do you?" a friend asked him later.

"Well," said the actor, "I know it must have sounded conceited, but remember, I was under oath."

A much-married Hollywood actor was confronted by a gay damsel.

"Hello there," she greeted him, "don't you remember me? Ten years ago you asked me to marry you!"

"Really?" yawned the actor, "and did you?"

Mrs. Isabelle Horton, mother of Edward Everett Horton, was viewing her son's latest picture. Towards the end of

the movie she turned to him and said: "I hope you're saving your money, Eddie. This sort of thing can't go on forever."

—Quate

"When I was young," a friend told Humphrey Bogart, "I made up my mind to get rich."

"But," said Bogart, "you never did."

"No," the friend rejoined, "I decided it was easier to change my mind."

An M-G-M Technicolor cartoon starring Sammy Skunk was retitled. Originally called *Smellbound*, it was changed to *Little Tinker*.

Two kindergarten children of movie folk conversing:

"How do you like your new daddy?"

"Oh, he's fine."

"I thought so, too—we had him last year."

—HY GARDNER

Sex is very important—I, personally, would be very sorry to see it abolished.

—ALEXANDER KORDA

Conversation overheard between Butch Jenkins and his stand-in on the set of *Little Mister Jim*:

Butch: "How old are you?"

Stand-in: "I dunno exactly. I'm either seven or eight."

Butch: "Do you dream of women?"

Stand-in: "No."

Butch: "You're seven. I'm eight."

Cellulines

We're overpaying him, but he's worth it.

—SAMUEL GOLDWYN

With the Critics

For the first time in my life I envied my feet. They were asleep.

—MONTY WOOLLEY, writing of a play he witnessed

One-sentence review of *Tonight or Never*: "Very well, then, I say never."

—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

This show goes on my Best Smeller List.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

Comic Section

Next spring is going to be hard on the birds who want to come back North to their old nests—people are living in them!

—JACKIE MILLS

She has so many chins it seems like she's looking at you over a stack of wheatcakes.

—HARVEY STONE

He's the kind of guy you would use for a blueprint if you were building an idiot.

—ED WYNN

Star Grazing

Bing Crosby's description of Peter Lorre: "The guy who waits in the car while Humphrey Bogart robs the bank."

—AL DURANTE

Love may be blind, but it sure finds its way around in the dark.

—JUDY CANOVA

Frankly, the main thing I like about women is that they're women.

—VICTOR MATURE in *Merivale*

Column Write

A young girl, seeing names like "Surrender" and "My Sin" on the perfume counter, timidly asked, "Don't you have anything for a beginner?"

—BOB HAWK in Earl Wilson's column

The sight of your own words in type is like having your back scratched; and when you get a byline—Rita Hayworth is doing the scratching!

—BILLY ROSE

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, and anecdotes about show business. In every case, be sure to state the source of the material you submit. Payment will be made upon publication of suitable items. Address your contributions to Filler Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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ANOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO UNSUNG HEROES IN OUR DAILY LIFE. PAINTING BY PETER HELCK.



Keeper of the Gate

When the Limited plunges through the stormy night, when freight cars rumble slowly by, he spreads his long protecting arms to keep you out of danger's path.



Miracle of the Diamond

by CAMERON SHIPP

It's just a small piece of carbon—but what a fantastic history it has!

EVEN THE MOST surprised girl in the world, after appropriately gasping, "Oh, you shouldn't have, dear!" can be counted on to discover in a calmer moment exactly how much the diamond on her third finger, left hand, cost. A consensus of jewelers shows, however, that the average engagement ring is a one-third carat diamond, worth \$328.

Apparently it seldom occurs to the ladies, or to anybody, to ponder why a diamond is so high-priced. There are more spectacular gems that cost less. A diamond, after all, is nothing but a small piece of carbon, same as coal. Why, then, are diamonds prized so highly?

For a good many reasons, some curious, some historically romantic, some fantastic, some as artificial as managed currency. The shining bride can be forgiven if she ignores these. She has other things on her mind. Later, if she is smart, she keeps her diamond bright by frequently dipping it in dishwater and begins to take it for granted.

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This twinkling little symbol of devotion has, actually, a more romantic story than most love affairs. Few diamonds exist that have not in some intimate way been linked with cataclysmic events, world-shattering eruptions, millions upon millions of years of super-heat, stresses and strains that dwarf the energy we produce now with nuclear sciences; and with stories of murder, heartbreak, romance, avarice, intrigue, torture and royal death enough for all the novelists of all time.

TO GET A ONE-HALF carat diamond out of the earth in South Africa's Kimberley Mines, largest in the world and where the most scientific methods are used, means digging tons of rock or "blue ground" and hoisting it in some cases as much as 3,600 feet to the surface. The rock removed weighs approximately 320 million times as much as the diamond. And many a laborer has toiled 30 years without ever seeing a diamond.

How did the diamond get there in the first place? By fantastic accident, through cosmic laws of chance that seem wilder than predicting that a billion apes would compose the *Encyclopedia Britannica* on a billion typewriters during lunch hour. Trillions of years ago, a mass of basic igneous rock which just happened to be free of quartz (it's just one of those things that diamonds avoid quartz) was "attacked" by underworld chemical solutions and turned into serpentine, a dark, bluish-green mineral.

Any particles of carbon that chanced to get into this mixture were turned into crystals under fe-

rocious heat and pressure. Finally, meaning another million handfuls of years, the seething mass worked its way to the surface of the earth, propelled by volcanic gases.

For escape, it sought the weakest areas in the earth's surface. These happened to be, mostly, in regions known during recent fractions of time as Africa and India. It burst forth in the form of a mountainous volcano, and the pressure was relieved. It cooled. After more millions of years, the rivers and rains nibbled off flanks of the volcano and picked up the specks of crystallized carbon, some of which are now in the crowns of kings and one of which may be yours.

When miners find a volcano site with blue ground under it, they drill straight down the core. They may find nothing more valuable than you would discover if you dug a hole in your back yard, and they may unearth the greatest diamond ever seen.

Frederick Wells, surface manager of the Premier Mine in South Africa, was making a routine inspection tour one evening in 1905. At the 18-foot level, he yawned, stretched and threw his head back. Something above him glittered.

Wells was no fool. The boys frequently pulled his leg by sticking pieces of broken bottle glass around. This was too big a glitter, too near the surface, too obvious to be anything but a prank. Yet if it made the boys happy to fool him, all right; he climbed the wall in a spirit of foolishness and plucked out the largest diamond in the world, weight 3,106 carats, or one and a third pounds.

The big gem, called the Cullinan

in honor of Thomas Cullinan, president of the company, was sent to England where experts said it was worth \$75,000,000. Wells received a reward of \$10,000. The diamond was purchased by the Transvaal Government as a gift to King Edward VII and presented to the monarch on his 66th birthday. The King had to pay \$725 to look at it—the insurance charge for removing it from the Bank of England for two hours.

When it was decided to cut the Cullinan into five parts, an expert named J. Asscher was employed. He contemplated the rough diamond for three months, and on February 10, 1908, at exactly 2:45 p.m., laid a cleavage knife on it and struck a blow with a steel rod. The diamond remained intact. The knife broke.

On the second try, the diamond fell into the correct fragments and Asscher into a dead faint. The four largest gems are now in the Crown Jewels of England, of which the Cullinan I, a pear-shaped gem of 530 carats, is the largest. It is in the scepter. Diamonds left over include the great Cullinans II, III and IV, a heart-shape of 18.85 carats, a marquise of 11.55, an oblong of 6.80, and hundreds of smaller gems.

THE DIAMOND with the most romantic history is the 109-carat Kohinoor, also a British possession. For centuries it was believed that whoever owned it ruled the world. It has breaks in its pedigree, and may have been part of a mystery diamond, the Great Mogul, which belonged to the Shah Jehan before it disappeared. And for all the ex-

perts can prove to the contrary, the Great Mogul may actually be the Orloff, which belonged to Catherine the Great.

At any rate, when the Kohinoor turned up in the possession of the Sultan Al-ed-din of India in 1304, it was valued at half the daily expense of the entire world. The diamond passed by inheritance through the long line of Mogul emperors until Nadir Shah of Persia sacked Delhi in 1739 and stole it.

But it brought no luck. He was assassinated, and his son deposed. Boiling pitch was poured on the latter's head and his eyes were put out by courtiers, but he refused to disclose where he had hidden the diamond. Still, the magic of the stone proved itself; he regained the throne. It passed to a grandson, and his eyes were pierced by a lance in another attempt to steal the gem. Finally the British seized the diamond in 1849 when they annexed the Punjab.

When it arrived in England, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had 80 carats removed, a process that took 38 days and cost \$40,000. In 1911, it was put in a crown for Queen Mary, and today it still reposes in the royal headgear.

There are less than 20 gem-cut diamonds of more than 100 carats in the world today. The big ones are in museums or crowns, where no one enjoys them much, but their renown adds vicarious luster to engagement rings. The Orloff, (which *may* be the lost Great Mogul) was stolen from an idol's eye and presented to Catherine the Great by a discarded lover, Gregory Orloff. There is a story that when Napoleon sacked Moscow, the Orloff

was hidden in a priest's grave, and that when the Emperor reached out to seize the diamond the priest's ghost drove him off. The Soviets have it now, a 199.6 carat trophy of imperial folly.

The familiar story of the slave who hides a diamond in an open wound springs, no doubt, from the legend of the Regent, which weighed 410 carats uncut and must have required major surgery to conceal. This gem, sometimes called the Pitt, was found by an Indian slave. He gouged a hole in his leg, secreted the diamond, and escaped. A British sea captain took the slave aboard his ship, stole the diamond, tossed him into the sea and then hanged himself in a belated fit of remorse.

Thomas Pitt, great-grandfather of William, acquired the gem for \$100,000, but was accused of theft, a scandal that marked the family for years. Later, cut to 143.2 carats, it was sold to the Regent of France, put up for a loan from Germany in 1796, and pawned to Holland in 1799 by Napoleon, who used the money to fight the battle of Marengo. Napoleon wore it in his sword hilt when he was crowned Emperor. It finally ended up in the Louvre.

Most famous diamond in America is the Hope, property of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean of Washington. This has been seen by many people, for it is the only world-famous diamond whose owner wears it on a chain whenever she feels like it, which is most of the time. The Hope is an exceedingly rare blue gem which once belonged to Louis XIV, was sold in Paris in 1909 for \$80,000, and then was

bought by Edward B. McLean in 1911 for \$300,000. The legend of its bad luck is unauthenticated. Anyone owning a 44.5-carat blue is doing all right.

THE HISTORIES OF all the great diamonds is one good reason why a one-half carat in the ring of an American bride arrives at the local jewelry store with a premium of romance already on it. But that isn't all that sets its value. A diamond is a thing of beauty and a joy forever largely because of man's scientific skill.

Today's "standard brilliant" has 58 facets, all cut to most exacting proportions on a diamond polishing wheel. Olive oil and diamond dust are also used. The brilliance of a diamond depends upon the amount of light that is reflected from its facets. If you should try to count the facets and come across an extra pair or so, that's fine. The cutter simply saw a chance to mirror more light.

A large proportion of all diamonds are used industrially—to turn machine parts, to true grinding wheels, to spin fine wire. The latter is an astonishing trick. Through infinitesimal holes drilled in small diamonds, using the dust of other diamonds, 300 to 400 tons of copper wire can be drawn before the diamond even shows roughness, and that's enough wire to go around the world 20 times.

There is probably a diamond in your oil furnace, a little gem with a hole in it through which spurts a constant, correctly-shaped spray. Neither grit nor friction nor heat bothers it. Engineers use diamonds to stud their bits when they drill

through rock. Dentists like them for drills. And strange as it may seem, industrial diamonds are relatively cheap, ranging from \$4 to \$12 a carat.

But to get down to bedrock on the value of diamonds, there is a prime reason for their high cost aside from spectacular origin and history. This is the existence of a cartel-like group of British-Belgian interests which controls 95 per cent of the diamonds in the world, pegs the price arbitrarily and keeps it there. They do it to make money and to protect purchasers against a fluctuating market.

If they didn't, supply and demand would regulate and probably lower the price considerably. The syndicate goes even further than setting the price. It announces a "sight" of diamonds to be sold on a specific date, invites selected buyers to have a look after they have declared their intention of buying—and bars them from "sights" for six months if they do not buy.

America will never get that business away from the British because we don't produce enough diamonds. A one-carat diamond was found in a South Carolina stream in 1843. A few others have been discovered in Virginia, Wisconsin, Montana and Arkansas. But mostly, U. S. diamonds are small, fit only for industrial use, and uneconomical to mine.

The average price for a diamond today is about \$985 a carat plus tax, the price varies, of course, depending upon special cuts, color and historical value. But the figure is about what you will pay for the average engagement ring.

Our chief role in the diamond business is to buy them, wear them and use them. And possibly all the sound reasons set forth herein to explain why diamonds are so highly prized are trivial in the face of one of the great, imperishable facts of human nature: we like things that shine. And nothing shines more than "her" eyes when she gets one.



Foilbles of the Famous

Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of the most enlightened men of his day. He ridiculed his friends for their superstitions, claimed to be entirely free from such beliefs. But when he went for a walk, he would touch every lamp-post he passed. If he happened to miss one, the learned doctor would turn around and go back home.

Charles Dickens would not sleep in a bed unless it pointed due north. He carried a compass in order to rearrange the room whenever he slept away from home.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian soldier-poet, was famous for his vanity. The postman one day brought him a letter addressed to "Italy's Greatest Poet." He flew into a rage and refused to accept it, explaining that he was the world's greatest poet.

—WEBB GARRISON

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People of the Hills

LOCKED IN THE mountains, cut off from great rivers and highways, a sizeable group of Americans has for generations paid small heed to a rapidly changing world. We have usually associated these Americans with feuds, "moonshiners," and comic hillbillies, forgetting that they are a serious and independent people, honoring the ways of their frontier ancestors and

deriving earnest pleasure from deep-rooted religion. Today, some 3,000,000 hill people live in the Appalachian mountains from West Virginia to the Carolinas, and in the Ozark hills of Missouri and Arkansas. Now, with the pictures on the following pages, Coronet gives you a new introduction to these simple, sincere, and picturesque people of the hills.



Picture Story





The hill people came here long before the republic was born. Mainly Scotch-Irish and English, they sought land and freedom. They found rugged country to match their rugged characters—and they stayed.



They used the land which hung thin on the mountains—used it till it wore out. They've got milled lumber now and cars, but the land, today—well, as they say: "In some spots hit ain't worth standing up to look at."



They've held on to the old ways a long time, teaching their children to love living as they do, teaching them that there is beauty in the hills and in the sun which shines on them.



Life was always hard in the Appalachian hills. Even today no one expects it to be easy. You marry young and you stay married—or you marry again without delaying, because you can't get along without a woman working beside you. In the hills a woman may be less than fancy, but she's a lot of other things. She's more often than not the heart of her family. She's farmer and cook, doctor and nurse, midwife and tailor. And she's mother to more children than a lot of city people could even find names for. And for all this life rewards her with an eternally hopeful face.



Farther west, in Missouri, Arkansas and parts of Oklahoma, it's not much easier. You can smile at names like Yocum and customs that seem odd. But ask any Ozarker and his answer will be the same: "Mister, when you stop by with us, you're welcome to the best we've got—such as it may be. We ain't got reasons to be ashamed of ourselves—'less you count being poor shameful. The notion some folks has, is everybody ought to act and talk alike. Well, maybe so. But it's all 'tarnal foolishness, unless you ask a man first, where was he fetched up, who was his folks?"



But while the older generation tends to hold on to tradition and custom, new vistas are opening for their children . . .



In the eastern mountains as well as in the Ozarks, isolated backwoods communities are being helped to fuller education. Schools are small, teachers scarce, but the beginnings are being made . . .



Boys, whose fathers can neither read nor write, are learning to do both, and soon they will graduate to farm and trade schools—so that their future will be stronger than their fathers ever dreamed.



Still deep-seated in mountain hearts is the fear of sin and the love of God. Though their Baptist churches are plain and the outlook stern, there is glory enough for all good men in the beloved Gospel.



And the rigors of mountain life fall away to nothing, when the spirit is full. When voices are raised in praise of His works, then surely there is feasting in the wilderness.



Yet always the supreme moment for so many hill people is acceptance of their God and His church by baptism, by purification and initiation into a fuller, more meaningful life . . .



. . . a life which revolves around prayer meetings and the joys which only the devout can know . . .

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... for in the hills religion is more than Sunday clothes. It is the heart's delight—riches more desirable than worldly goods.



But the older mountaineers are a vanishing race. Strong men and women whose blood goes back to colonial times, unmixed for centuries, they are rapidly being swept into the relentless stream of progress.



All around them the world has moved forward . . .

fath



... but they have held on stubbornly, sure that the ways of their fathers were right ...



... sure that their children will never forget the old customs, the old songs: *Don't you think she's a pretty little miss, and don't you think she's clever, and don't you think that she and I will make a match forever?*

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... sure, too, that the never-ending task of "doing for yourself," without conveniences or comforts, is part and parcel of living.



And today, with government help, the mountaineer is finding a new life, where he can say with pride: "On this new land I built by hand a barn and good house. It's hard work keeps a man happy."

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I EARN MORE MONEY THAN MY HUSBAND

Marriage can be happy even though the wife is the big breadwinner of the family

ANONYMOUS

CONSTANTLY I HEAR of some young couple delaying their marriage because the girl's earnings outstrip the boy's. Or some middle-aged in-law complains: "Honestly, those children should never have rushed off and gotten married! Why, she makes more than he does, and you know that never works."

It hurts me to think of the anxieties and frustrations in such situations because from personal experience I know how successful a marriage can be when the wife is the major money-maker. Through 12 years of happy married life, I have consistently earned more than my husband—and both of us contentedly accept the fact that I probably always will.

I work in a department store, Jim is a researcher in chemistry. I earn \$3,600 a year, Jim \$2,800. Neither of us would change places with anybody! But had we let ourselves be stopped by that ancient man-must-be-the-breadwinner notion, we might never have reached the altar.

About the same age, we met in 1932 when Jim was still a college

senior and I had been a year out of junior college, selling in a department store. Almost in the next breath after he told me he loved me, Jim remarked dolefully that it was all hopeless: he'd be in no position to marry for years.

"Wait a minute!" I said. "What about me? I have a job."

Jim laughed, called me a darling, and said jokingly, all right, he'd become engaged to me just for my money.

At about the time that I was promoted to be an assistant buyer, Jim got his B.S. degree. But in that black period of Depression, the prospects of getting a job in science were practically non-existent. He had majored in chemistry and asked me glumly what I thought about his continuing to study for a master's degree, meanwhile deferring our marriage.

"The first part of your suggestion is fine," I said. "But the second is not. How would the 25th of next month suit you for a wedding day?"

Of course Jim made the usual masculine protestations. He was looking forward to taking care of

me. But when I pointed out that the longer he studied the more he would ultimately earn, he saw the sense of my argument.

All four of our parents carried on when we announced our wedding plans. My mother warned that if I began "spoiling" Jim like that, I'd let myself in for a life of enslavement. His mother considered it disgraceful for her son to "let a woman support him." My father wondered what had happened to the younger generation, and Jim's father was just plain furious. But we paid no attention.

After we were married, Jim studied hard and got his M.S. with flying colors. Next, with jobs still difficult to find, he went on and won his Ph.D. Then he found a research position at the preposterously low salary usually offered pure scientists. Meanwhile, I received another promotion, this time to buyer.

In 1937 I had my first baby, in 1939 my second. Naturally I had to stop work for awhile, so Jim quit chemistry to make up for the cut in our joint income. He sold life insurance, and although he hated the work he was quite successful at it.

One night I could see he had something on his mind. "Well, what is it?" I smiled.

"I'm thinking of staying in life insurance," he said. "I can make more money than in chemistry. After all, I owe it to you and the kids to support my family properly."

He paused. "What do you say?"

"I don't say, I ask," I replied. "Which do you enjoy more, life insurance or research?"

"You know the answer," he protested. "But that isn't the point."

"Yes it is!" I exclaimed. "Life isn't worth living for anyone who has to do something he detests! What's more, I married a brilliant chemist and I want to stay married to him. Next week, I go back to my job, and you go back to the laboratory."

Jim gave me a worshipful look of affection and understanding. And that was the last time we ever discussed the size of his income.

As the years have passed, neither of us has ever regretted the decision we made that night.

Jim is a truly happy man, doing what he loves and doing it well. Often I look at my friends' husbands and see them either scrimping to pay the big life-insurance premiums because they are terrified about what would happen to their wives if they died—or tied down to some monotonous, distasteful job because they don't dare quit and strike

out afresh. Then I think of Jim, free to fulfill himself in the work he loves, and I glow.

And I glow at my own self-fulfillment, because I, too, am doing what I enjoy most. Not every woman is a born housewife, and I am one of those who definitely is not. I prefer the excitement of business to the drudgery of the kitchen. If



Jim were supporting me, the family budget could not stand a maid's wages. But as things are, I feel that I earn the right to delegate household jobs.

Many working wives, who earn less than their husbands, carry a double burden of home and job while the men carry only a partial one of support. Jim, grateful for his financial freedom to be himself, justly assumes a large share of the responsibility for managing our home and children.

We take turns putting the children to bed, washing the dishes on the maid's day off, even planning the meals. The routine household shopping falls on me, since I work in a department store; but the markets are nearer Jim's laboratory, so he attends to the food buying.

The upshot is that our home is more satisfactorily that of both a man and a woman than any other I know. I go into some homes where Father has little more than parking rights in one special chair, where the supposedly shared bedroom is a mass of taffeta and feminine fluff, where the woman of the family talks about everything as "mine." Jim's and my home is *ours*, a joint creation to which we both love to return each evening.

Similarly our children are a joint creation in more than the biological sense. For them, there is no hard distinction between the parts Mother and Father play in their lives; both of us care for them with a unity that isn't possible when Mother is caretaker from morning until night and Father lifts his nose from the grindstone only now and then.

Depending on whose work schedule is the lighter at the moment, it

is either Jim or I who stays home when the children have minor ailments, who confers with their teachers, takes them to the dentist or does any of those meaningful little things usually in Mother's domain. By being close to them, Jim gets more out of the children and they more out of him than is possible in the traditional family pattern.

But perhaps the greatest asset in our family is the fact that we never quarrel about money—one of the principal causes of divorce, as everybody knows. For one thing, our combined earnings give us a comfortable income, freeing us of the constant financial strain which creates irritable dispositions and provokes squabbles.

Still more important, we pool our funds in a joint checking account, and that's the end of who does out what. Many wives have to beg for money; their husbands use it as a means of control. And if I acted as many a niggardly husband does in laying down the financial law to his wife, I'm sure I'd wreck our marriage. So I don't.

EVERY NOW AND THEN, someone who knows the disparity in our earnings asks me whether I really think it doesn't give Jim a feeling of inferiority. I can honestly answer "No." I don't know anyone more sure of himself than my husband; hence he has no need to reinforce his ego by bringing home a bigger pay check than I do.

He understands, and sincerely feels, that everything can't be measured in money, and so he realizes that his lower salary does not imply he is any less able or competent than I am, but merely that he works

in a less well-paid field. If he weren't satisfied, he could always go out and earn more than his wife — which holds true for most husbands.

Jim doesn't have to earn more, either for our family needs, or for his own self-confidence, or to make me happy, because he knows that I enjoy my work as much as he does his. For which he is duly grateful.

Now I don't contend that all

marriages should follow our pattern, and that all wives should be determined to earn more than their husbands, as a matter of principle. But I do believe that inequality in earnings ought never worry young people. Where both husband and wife try honestly and unselfishly to make a go of the situation, the inequality is not a liability to happy marriage but an asset.



Miracle in Sicily

WHEN KATHLEEN NORRIS was vacationing in Sicily some years ago, she occasionally hired a carriage and drove to some fishing village for the afternoon. Before these jaunts she usually visited the bank to get some new money, for she had an aversion to dirty banknotes. Then she would tell the driver to take her where she could see something interesting. The driver was usually impressed by her fluency in Italian.

She was riding through one small village when she spied a crowd gathered around a man and woman who were arguing loudly in a Sicilian dialect unknown to her. The driver told her the woman was the widow of a fisherman. The man was a friend with whom the dead man was supposed to have left some money for his wife. The widow was demanding her money and the man was insisting he knew nothing of it.

"How much money is involved?" Mrs. Norris asked. The amount the driver named would have appeared large to a Sicilian fisherman's wife, but it was small to Mrs. Norris, who counted out the right number of lira from her purse. Then she stepped from the carriage and approached the irate woman.

"Here, this will make up to you for the amount of your loss," she said simply in her beautiful Italian. Dropping the

crisp banknotes into the woman's hands, she hurried back to the carriage.

Next morning the host of her *pension* rushed in, greatly excited.

"Signora!" he cried, "a miracle has happened in a near-by village!"

Then he told the story of the fisherman's wife. When he reached the point where Mrs. Norris had appeared, he paused dramatically and went on:

"And then the Blessed Virgin herself came down from Heaven and restored to the woman the exact amount of money she was missing—whereupon the wicked man, frightened by this intervention from Heaven, gave back to the widow the money he had indeed received from the fisherman!"

"But what makes you so sure it was a miracle, signor?" Mrs. Norris asked. "Might it not have been an ordinary woman—like myself—who gave the money to the widow?"

"You do not understand, Signora," he said. "The money was not old and dirty like *our* money. It had never been touched by human hands!"

"But," said Mrs. Norris, "it's possible to get new money at the bank."

"But, Signora," the man explained. "The final proof! The people say the Virgin spoke a language no mortal could understand a word of!"

—ELEANOR GRAHAM VANCE

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Shirt-Sleeve Masterpiece

THE COMPOSER'S WIFE sighed as she plowed through a mound of soiled shirts. A man who did nothing more strenuous than compose music all day shouldn't be so hard on his clothes. She reached for another shirt, only to see that her absent-minded husband had written bars of music on one sleeve.

Evidently the music hadn't pleased him. She was about to throw the shirt back when her musically trained eye picked out the first few notes. She hummed the melody. It was beautiful.

Because she had an appointment in an hour she put the garment aside, rolled up the others and left them for the laundry-woman. A few minutes later she noticed the shirt was gone. While she had been upstairs the laundry-woman had come and taken everything.

Although she did not know where

her laundress lived, the distracted wife called her carriage and drove all over town—through winding streets, over dirt paths, always receiving the same answer: "Mrs. Donovan? We never heard of her."

After hours of searching, an old woman in a wine shop led her to Mrs. Donovan's cottage. She dashed in and seized the laundress' arm just as the precious shirt was about to be plunged into suds.

The rest is history. But only Mme. Strauss' quick thinking saved Johann Strauss' immortal *Beautiful Blue Danube* for musical posterity.

Suspense . . . drama . . . action . . . 5-minute pocket stories with a surprise ending . . . that's the *Coronet Story Teller* program, sponsored by Kellogg, every morning Monday through Friday at 11:30, EST; 10:30, CST; 9:30 MST; 10:00, PST. Listen to Marvin Miller, the *Coronet Story Teller*, over your local American Broadcasting Co. station.



A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller



PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

Ira Gabrielson: Wizard of Wildlife

by JEAN POTTER

"I'VE CLIMBED MORE mountains," Dr. Ira Gabrielson boasts, "than has any other fat man in America."

Gabrielson, a jovial, deep-chuckling 230-pounder, probably has, but this is the least of his claims

to national distinction. He has tramped all over the North American continent—not as a sportsman, but with a serious purpose: the scientific management of wildlife. He has been working with birds, fish and animals for more than 30

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years. During the past ten of these he has directed all Federal wildlife control in Washington and he is recognized today as the nation's foremost naturalist.

Management in the world of fins, feathers and furs is tricky, often curious, work. Back in 1923, corn fields and apple orchards in the State of Washington were attacked by beavers. Trees were slashed, crops devoured. Angry farmers were killing the animals indiscriminately when Gabrielson, then a young government field worker, hurried to the area.

He made a startling proposal. Beavers are valuable to the country, he argued; their dams help water control, create pools that are natural trout nurseries. Beavers should not be slaughtered. Instead, why not move them up into the mountains where they could do no harm?

The farmers were skeptical. Gabrielson admitted that he was experimenting; the large rodents are remarkably delicate and all previous attempts to transplant them had failed. To catch them gently he used special traps, snaring the animals in chain netting. To keep them calm, he transported each one in a dark sack. His timing was careful; he waited till the young were strong enough for the trip, then made the move swiftly by auto so the colony would have time to build new homes before winter set in. Since that year, Gabrielson's methods have been accepted as standard and many thousands of beavers throughout the West have

been transplanted from farmland to mountain wilds.

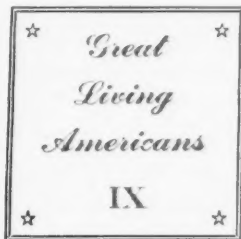
Hundreds of communities have thanked Gabrielson for his control of wildlife pests. Hordes of rats infested Portland and Seattle after World War I, spreading disease and destroying produce. Gabrielson was one of the first wildlife workers to develop effective poisons for combating the pests.

In the inter-mountain country he helped develop the first effective poisons against tree-girdling porcupines. He has blitzed cotton-eating crayfish in Mississippi, lettuce-eating horned larks in California, melon-eating jack-rabbits in Oregon. When flocks of starlings invaded Connecticut towns, showering filth and feathers into the streets, residents could do nothing but swear till he arrived. He shot fire-rockets and roman candles into the roosts.

This method of his own concoction worked like a charm, and with it he had scored another first.

"Gabe," as sportsmen and naturalists call him, has not enjoyed the death-dealing part of his job. Huge and kindly, he holds a rare enthusiasm for untamed creatures and most of his work has protected them and helped them thrive and multiply. With the size and disposition of a Santa Claus, he has acted as a kind of Santa Claus to our bird, fish and animal populations. Gabe is a fighting conservationist. No American since Teddy Roosevelt has battled so hard to safeguard wildlife resources.

Take ducks. Ducks are important



to Americans. It is a surprising fact that no form of outdoor recreation is as popular in the U.S. as hunting. Some 1,500,000 sportsmen buy licenses to hunt waterfowl each year. Beyond this, millions of farmers, hunting without licenses on their own land, depend on ducks as a source of food.

In 1935, when Gabrielson was appointed director of the nation's wildlife work, he faced a crisis. Our duck population, depleted by drainage, drought and overshooting, had dropped from more than 200,000,000 to a mere 27,000,000—the lowest level on record.

He promptly stiffened the hunting regulations, cutting the open season in half, the bag limit from 15 to 10. Sporting circles howled. Pressure was brought to have the new director removed. "Go ahead," he amiably told a threatening Congressman. "Try and fire me. I haven't enough sense to quit." Then he asked—and got—a special appropriation for undercover work, first in wildlife service history.



GABRIELSON HIMSELF is a crack wing-shot. Companions in North Carolina were startled one day when three green-winged teal whizzed high over their blind and he brought down two with one barrel and the third with the other. Such feats are not unusual for him, but where conservation is concerned he is consistently tough with himself and everyone else.

When his wardens arrested Walter Chrysler for shooting over a baited blind, Gabrielson backed them to the hilt. He did the same

when they caught the late Justice Willis Van Devanter in a violation of the game laws.

"I don't care if he is on the Supreme Court," he told a protesting friend. "If he shoots a duck without a duck stamp, he'll have to pay the penalty under law."

For years professional "market-hunters" had been slaughtering ducks by illegal methods for sale in cities. A group of these operators in California had been baiting ducks with shelled corn and firing into the masses of birds with extra heavy loads of powder and shot. Gabrielson dispatched a detective to join the gang. As a result of his evidence the violators were imprisoned. Gangs in Maryland and Florida were also tracked to their lairs and broken up.

For years a millionaire sportsman had bragged to friends that he was shooting all the ducks he pleased from his private island in Maine. One of Gabrielson's wardens rowed to the island at night, hid in a driftwood-camouflaged hole, and waited. He watched the sportsman shoot 90 ducks, then hauled him to court. The fine was \$2,700—or \$30 for each duck.

Such harsh reprisals served notice on duck-hunters everywhere that Gabrielson, the nation's chief game warden, meant business. But Gabrielson, the scientist, knew that negative measures were not enough. He knew the needs of ducks.

From long years of field work, he had acquired an intimate knowledge of the four great flyways which America's waterfowl follow each year from their Southern breeding grounds to their Northern nesting grounds. He knew that swamps and

ponds are as vital to winged creatures as airports are to planes. He knew that nearly 100,000,000 acres of land have been drained in the United States—and that much of this area formerly had been used by birds.

He asked Congress for funds to flood some of this land and to establish protected bird refuges. Sportsmen protested again. Opponents said it was the biggest boondoggle ever. But during his term of office, millions of acres were set aside as sanctuaries for the nation's waterfowl.

Today most duck-hunters readily acknowledge their debt to Gabrielson. Without a stern and canny national policy, they recognize, our ducks might have gone the way of the trumpeter swan and whooping crane, magnificent birds that once flocked over Western plains by the millions but are now virtually extinct. The duck population, in the last 10 years, has multiplied nearly fivefold and is still showing a healthy increase.

If America had had a wildlife director like Gabrielson in the 19th century, the face of the continent would look very different today. He talks angrily about the planless slashing of forest and swamp, the greedy slaughter of animals as the frontier was pushed westward. He mourns the plumage birds which were exterminated "by the thousands for a few feathers" to trim ladies' hats. He mourns the ponderous buffalo which today remains little more than a symbol on our nickel coins.

"Much of our vaunted success in 'conquering a continent in record time' has resulted in appall-

ing wastefulness," he complains. "Now America faces the hard task of setting natural forces to work in restoration."



A REGISTERED Republican, Gabe is a democrat in the way that counts most—with a small d. Born and raised in Western Iowa, he made his first money driving cattle to pasture, and today, testifying in the ornate halls of the nation's Capital, he still talks like a cowpuncher. Once Secretary Ickes summoned him to his office.

"This man claims you've double-crossed him," said Ickes. "How about it?"

Gabe glanced humorously at the accuser, who was trying to pull a fast one. "Mr. Secretary," he replied, "I can't help it if a skunk thinks every other animal performs as he does."

A corporation attorney once went before a Congressional committee to argue that the salmon-conservation regulations were too strict. He made a long legalistic speech to prove his case. Gabe's rebuttal was brief.

"The trouble with you," he said, "is you don't know which end of the fish goes up the river first."

Congressmen listen to Gabe, not so much because he talks openly but because they have learned he knows what he is talking about. A few years ago he went before a committee to testify about swamps and ponds suitable for bird refuges. Members of the committee were somewhat piqued; he knew more about Maryland than did the Marylanders, more about Texas

than did the Texans. No question about any part of the country stumped him.

"Well," challenged Representative James Scrugham of Nevada, chairman, "I happen to know a place called Banana River that would be ideal for waterfowl. That's one spot I bet you haven't heard about—"

"You mean those marshes on the east coast of Florida near Cape Canaveral?" Gabe asked.

Scrugham threw up his hands. "I'll swear," he told his colleagues, "that fellow knows every slightly damp place in the United States."

Recently Gabe boarded the Twentieth Century Limited at Chicago, took a seat in the diner, struck up conversation with a stranger across the table.

"I've just bought a ranch in Oregon," the stranger volunteered. "Beautiful spot, but nobody's ever heard of it. It's down in what they call the Cow Creek Lakes country, 90 miles from the nearest railroad."

"Tell me," Gabe asked, "is that old dry masonry wall still standing between the first and second lakes, the one the shepherd built?"

The man stared. Gabe laughed. "I know your place well," he said. "I used to use that wall as a wind-break when I was down there working on jack-rabbit control in 1920."

There is no State in the Union in which Gabe has not done some kind of wildlife work. He carries in his mind a detailed photograph of the North American continent at the grass roots, and he is a walking encyclopedia of natural history. There are hundreds of different species of birds, mammals and flowering plants in the U. S.; he can

instantly give both the popular name and the Latin name of nearly every one he sees. Other naturalists say he makes them feel deaf, dumb and blind.

One day, driving along the Olympic Peninsula with an assistant, Gabe gave a sudden shout.

"Stop the car!" he cried, in his deep-booming voice. "I saw a pygmy owl back there! I want him for my collection."

"Where?" the assistant asked.

"Back in that big spruce!"

The spruce was 100 yards from the road. The car had been making 40 miles an hour. The bird, a rare, diminutive member of the owl family, is dully marked and not much longer than an English sparrow. Gabe's friend watched dubiously as he grabbed his gun, crept within range and took aim. He got a pygmy owl—with the first shot.

Once Gabe was traveling with a party of botanists in California. This time he himself was driving. They were speeding through a petalled sea of blue; acres of iris hemmed the road on both sides. Abruptly he slammed on the brakes.

"What's it now, Chief?" the others asked.

"I saw a white one!"

While the blue iris was common, the white variety was extremely rare and Western botanists had been searching for it a long time. Assistants followed him 200 yards through the brilliant meadow, straight to the lone flower. He carefully dug it up for transplanting and the white iris was soon multiplying in California gardens.

Ira Noel Gabrielson was raised in the small town of Sioux Rapids,

Iowa, where his father ran a hardware store. One of his earliest memories is of his mother's flower garden and of the plot she gave him for his own. As soon as he could walk he was out in the woods, collecting birds' eggs.

Farm work and a summer on a tile-ditching gang earned him enough to enroll at near-by Morningside College. Hanging his room with bird photographs, he registered for chemistry because he had never heard of biology and did not know what the word meant. A classmate borrowed the photos to show the biology professor; who promptly called Gabe in.

"With your interest in nature," asked the professor, "why didn't you register for my course?"

The farm boy was flabbergasted, but by the time he graduated he had taken all the biology Morningside offered. He taught high-school biology three years. Then, because he wanted more than anything else to work outdoors, he took a job as field worker with the government wildlife service.

Soon after this a Massachusetts farmer found Gabe crouched beside a forest path, patiently collecting carrion beetles from the carcass of a deer and dropping them into a bottle.

"Young man," asked the farmer, "are you doing that for fun?"

"No," Gabe told him, "this is part of my job."

As jobs go, it paid poorly—only \$75 a month to start. When Gabe married his childhood sweetheart, Clara Speer, he built their first house with his own hands. Much of wildlife work was drudgery, some of it dangerous. Once, as he was

climbing along a cliff, he fell onto an ocean beach below and was temporarily paralyzed. He lay helpless at the water's edge, with the tide rising, and regained strength to crawl to safety just in time.

To Gabe the study of American nature was both a profession and an obsession. He tackled it with extraordinary energy, taking voluminous notes not only about birds and animals but about every significant living thing he saw. Rough country did not faze him. His legs and lungs were good for 230 pounds at any altitude. His four pretty and fearless daughters scrambled after him while they were growing up. The whole family learned to know outdoor America.



GABE ALMOST resigned from the service when he was promoted from the field to Washington as assistant chief of research. He did not want a desk job. But during the next few months his astounding practical knowledge of wildlife problems so impressed superiors that no one was surprised when President Roosevelt appointed him over the heads of high-ranking candidates to head the entire service. No one was surprised, that is, but Gabe himself.

"What's up?" he asked, as coatless, tie askew, he followed the incumbent, Ding Darling, down a corridor to Henry Wallace's office.

"Plenty," Darling told him. "You're going to be the new Chief."

For once Gabe stood on formality. He hurried back to his office to put on his coat.

Gabe has been able to persuade Congress to make bigger wildlife

appropriations than ever before in history. Funds for research alone have more than doubled since he took office. Under his expert direction, the quality of research has much improved and a program of cooperation has been launched with colleges and universities. Gabe fathered the Pittman-Robertson Act, a kind of Federal-Aid Highway Act in the wildlife field, under which 47 States are participating with the Federal government.

Since Gabe took office a total of more than 11,000,000 acres has been added to the Federal refuge system, protecting wild animals as well as birds. A few head of buffalo have multiplied to 1,200; the trumpeter swan has been saved from extinction; the antelope, placed under government care, has increased tenfold. These refuges are becoming increasingly popular with Americans as outdoor zoos. In 1945, more than 300,000 people visited the buffalo sanctuary at Wichita, Oklahoma.

Gabe takes personal pleasure in this. All Americans do not want to shoot their wildlife, he says; for the millions who like to hike in the country, merely being able to see it is enough. Author of four books which are considered classics in the field, the Iowa farm boy has shown himself to be both a painstaking technical writer and something of a poet.

"The majestic carriage of an elk," he has written, "the grace of a deer, the speed of an antelope, the leap of a salmon, the swift swoop of a hawk, the delicate tracery of a spider's web, the sheen of a butterfly's wing, the audacity

of a squirrel, appeal to the esthetic in humanity."

When Gabe resigned his Federal post early this year, his office was swamped with regretful letters and telegrams. "You have written a wonderful record," Supreme Court Justice Douglas wrote, "and all Americans owe you a great debt." Outdoor men from New York to California echoed this tribute.

Gabe himself, taking the long view of science, feels that the fight for wildlife management has only begun. He will continue to serve the government in a consulting capacity, and in his new job as director of the Wildlife Restoration Institute, leading private organization, he will continue the fight in new ways.

Free from the inevitable pressure and red tape of public office, he will concentrate on an educational job. Americans do not understand their wildlife problem, he asserts. Much of our submarginal farmland must be flooded or turned back to forests if the herds and flocks of the past are to be restored. Meanwhile, more food and shelter must be provided for birds and animals in our rural areas, where there is much that the average country man could do if he knew how.

Through books, bulletins, and an annual North American Wildlife Conference, the Institute will take its message to the public. Gabrielson plans to send experts into rural areas to stage practical wildlife restoration demonstrations, a project for which no Federal funds exist. Supplementing the government's program, he will also direct new research projects.

Mrs. Gabrielson hopes that he

will have more time for vacations at the family summer home at Blue Sea Lakes, Quebec, which he has visited only once in the last four years. But if he does, she admits, he will probably spend most of the time studying birds. A vacation from wildlife work, for Gabe, is out of the question.

To know America's foremost naturalist, you must see him in the woods, dressed in mackinaw and old boots, working as he likes to work best. You must watch his enormous frame slowly stalking a wild animal. You must hear him calling chickadees till they settle

on the rim of his battered hat. Hawks have flown to him when he called, rabbits and deer walked curiously to where he stood.

"Gabe belongs outdoors," a friend says. "He even knows how the animals think."

The jovial scientist scoffs at such remarks. But he has a passion for nature that is never spent. "Full of hidden life," he told me as we stood and gazed across a swirl of spruce woods and frosty peaks. "Full of hidden life," he repeated, "and it all belongs to the people. We have a great country."

Gabe should know.



Canine Capers

THREE YEARS AGO, during a flood in Sebastian County, Arkansas, Red Cross rescue workers, despite orders to the contrary, found room for one small animal in a boat. Their extra passenger was a black pup which had been marooned on a housetop.

In the flood of 1945, the same rescue crew was in the same neighborhood when they heard a familiar howl. You've guessed it! Atop the same house sat the same black dog. As his rescuers neared the porch roof, he jumped into the boat as though he had been waiting for the Red Cross all along.

—FAITH BREWER

SUNNY, A HUGE, sad-looking bulldog, belonged to Mrs. R. E. Kain of Ardmore, Pennsylvania. Sunny was wise and sly as a spoiled child. His pet annoyance was Tarzan, a brown, sharp-faced terrier which lived next door.

Sometimes Sunny wouldn't eat. He'd simply sniff disgustedly at his dinner, snort, and turn his back on his platter. On these occasions, all Mrs. Kain had to do was walk to the kitchen door and call in a loud voice: "Tarzan! Tarzan! come and eat Sunny's dinner."

Instantly Sunny would wheel and bound to his platter; gobbling as though he were half-starved, he'd pack away that meal in about three gulps. Then, licking his face, wagging his tail, he'd cock an eye at his mistress as though to say: "I fixed the old so-and-so that time, didn't I?"

—PEIRSON RICKS in *Your Life*

Out Where the Horse-Operas Grow

by MURRAY MOLER

Kanab, Utah, a scenic wonderland, is in the picture business on a large scale, but it's still just a cow town at heart

IF HEDY LAMARR or any other Hollywood glamour girl happened to stroll down the main street of Kanab, Utah, it's questionable whether a single native eyebrow would be lifted. Kanab, a cow town at heart, is probably the only community in the nation that refuses to respond ecstatically to the presence of movie pulchritude. So many stars have strolled through its streets during the last 24 years that the natives have learned to take them or leave them.

In a fortunate blending of pink sand and mountains, nature endowed Kanab and its surrounding area with a scenic wonderland, fostering its conversion into Hollywood's main outdoor workshop. Deep gorges, beautiful clouds, virgin forests and desert sands unmatched anywhere else are all a part of Kanab and its environs.

Where once there were only sun, sagebrush and mountains, today there are camera mounts, synthetic forts and store fronts. Forty films, from horse operas to million-dollar Technicolor productions, have been shot in and around Kanab, pouring more than \$5,000,000 into the natives' pockets.

When Kanab converted to Hol-

lywood's principal out-of-state annex, its people also converted. All 1,365 of them became thespians. Every man, woman and child is ready to go before the camera at a nod from casting directors, and hundreds of them have. Yet you can't talk Utah movie-making intelligently without bringing up the names of just two Kanabians—Gron and Whit Parry.

When Tom Mix brought his wonder horse Tony to Utah for the filming of *Deadwood Coach* in 1922, the Parry brothers took a hand in that film and have had a hand in every Utah-made picture since. At that time, they were in the bus business, carrying tourists to Zion and Bryce National Parks.

"When the film people arrived we got the transportation jobs," Gron says. "Then we started selling the movie-makers the idea that Utah was the place to make pictures. The rest is history."

Like other Kanabians, the Parrys are Mormons. Whit once toured foreign lands as a Mormon missionary. A third brother, Chaunce, who flew a plane during World War I, was killed in an auto accident three years ago.

Picture companies began arriving in southern Utah at regular intervals after Mix's inaugural trip. By 1930, *Ramona*, *Shepherd of the Hills* and *Forlorn River* had been

turned out. There were plains, red-rock canyons, buttes, desert, mesas and sand dunes, all within a day's ride of Kanab.

"We really went into the picture business on a big scale in 1930," Whit recalls. "Chaunce got on his horse and into his plane to make a photo album of everything available around Kanab. We put up Parry Lodge to solve the housing problem, then arranged with other hotels to handle the surplus. We lined up people to act as extras. We catalogued the props available."

Soon the first talkie filmed outdoors, *In Old Arizona*, was being produced at Kanab. Later, Wallace Beery turned up with *Bad Man of Brimstone*, while Jack Holt, George O'Brien and other Western stars were making regular visits. *Drums Along the Mohawk* was the first Technicolor production filmed in Kanab. Since then, thousands of feet of film have been shot for *Western Union*, *Union Pacific*, *Arabian Nights*, *My Friend Flicka*, *Thunderhead: Son of Flicka*, and *Smokey*.

KANAB'S RISE to fame did not just happen: it required formidable selling by the Parrys. Gron always has handled the props and transportation. Today he has a fleet of 40 busses, trucks and cars, plus bulldozers to build roads.

"I run a clearing house," says

Gron. "We can supply anything from a chipmunk to a buffalo, from a week-old babe to an old codger with a beard. Right now I have 55 covered wagons. I found them all over the country and rebuilt them."

Whit is the Parry caterer, operating the lodge and directing its staff of 65 employees. "Movie stars are finicky about food," he admits. "We see that they get hot lunches right out on location, regardless of how far away they are."

Cattle and sheep needed by film makers are rented from ranches around Kanab. Buffalo are brought in from House Rock Valley in northern Arizona, where the state maintains a herd of 255. Buffalo, Gron says, are harder to work in the movies than cattle, because they're much faster afoot. But like most animals in the area, they've been in so many movies they know how to respond to cues.

Among Kanab's human actors, pride of the town is 78-year-old Walt Hamblin, mustachioed son of the Mormon missionary and scout, Jacob Hamblin. Walt was strictly a rancher before the Hollywood invasion, but now he averages \$500 a year by mixing in some thespian effort. Often Hamblin is reluctant to take off his film wardrobe after the day's shooting is over. Decked out in a Buffalo Bill outfit, his face covered with grease paint, Hamblin



sits on his front porch in the evening, smiling at passersby.

Dan Frost, bishop of Kanab Mormon Church, is another local headliner. Frost is a natural "heavy"—literally. Uncle Dan, as he is called, weighs 278 pounds, yet he can ride like a youngster. When they filmed *Arabian Nights*, it was hard to recognize him as the Kanab butcher-clergyman.

Directors like to select their personnel from the Parrys' big albums, where the whole town is pictured. Lynn Reynolds, who made the first picture in southern Utah and keeps coming back, puts it this way: "Any place else, we have to start from scratch. Here we don't. The people, the stock, everything we need—all are trained and ready."

Becoming a Hollywood annex hasn't left Kanab unchanged. The houses are neater than in other

Utah towns, the people are more sure of themselves. Kanab now has nine stores, plus six service stations, eight hotels and auto courts, three cafés. Gron estimates that each major production leaves \$300,000 in town as payments to extras and for accommodations, as well as for props and livestock.

Hence the Parrys admit that the Hollywood invasion is responsible for at least 50 per cent of local business prosperity. "When we were just raising cattle, the income was pretty well concentrated among twelve families. Now everybody gets a share."

On one point the Parrys are adamant. They insist that the spirit of Kanab is unchanged. When a stranger starts talking about Hollywood glamour, the brothers reply: "She's still just a cow town at heart."



Classy Classifieds

WANTED—Man to operate doughnut machine. Experience essential but not necessary. Apply—
—Lowell (Mass.) Sun

GENERAL MOTORS DIST.—Large warm front, employed lady; privileges.
—Detroit (Mich.) News

WANTED TO RENT—1 adult, permanent, no children or pets, desires small bedroom or efficiency apt. Desperate! Now living with serviceman's wife and serviceman will be home Oct. 1.
—Miami (Fla.) Daily News

WORKING GIRL in Hingham wishes suitable place to live near surroundings.
—Quincy (Mass.) Patriot Ledger

FOR RENT—Large bedroom between two trolleys. Near town.
—Shreveport (La.) Journal

WANTED—Drivers with tractors to pull Chicago to Rockford. Steady.
—Chicago (Ill.) Tribune

WOMAN with spacious looking facilities to take part in growing enterprise.
—Boise (Idaho) Statesman

SHE won't say "yes" till I find a place to live. Need furnished apt worst way by June 1.
—Indianapolis (Ind.) Times

WILL SWAP 3 evening dresses, size 14, for baby's play pen, good condition.
—Fred Russell, I'll Go Quietly

Game Book



Let's Shop for Christmas

with PAUL WHITEMAN
as Guest Conductor

Here's your Christmas shopping list made out for you; now all you have to do is decide who should properly get each of your gifts. Select one of the three choices, (a), (b) or (c), to receive the numbered gift, and among other things you'll find you have one for Paul Whiteman, musical director of the American Broadcasting Company, who is your Game Book guest editor this month. Counting 10 for each correct selection, a good score is 70 or more; average is 60. You will find the answers on page 119.

1. You have a SCALPEL for the
 - (a) barber
 - (b) surgeon
 - (c) Indian chief
2. The GERTRUDE is for the
 - (a) baby
 - (b) bachelor
 - (c) movie star
3. The MICROMETER is for the
 - (a) mailman
 - (b) aviator
 - (c) machinist
4. The PODIUM is for the
 - (a) druggist
 - (b) conductor
 - (c) policeman
5. The RAMEKINS are for the
 - (a) cook
 - (b) farmer
 - (c) conductor
6. The LEDGER is for the
 - (a) accountant
 - (b) harpist
 - (c) mason
7. The CASSOCK is for the
 - (a) upholsterer
 - (b) clergyman
 - (c) drummer
8. The QUADRANT is for the
 - (a) plumber
 - (b) jockey
 - (c) mariner
9. The MASHIE is for the
 - (a) dry cleaner
 - (b) distiller
 - (c) golfer
10. The PANTOGRAPH is for the
 - (a) sculptor
 - (b) undertaker
 - (c) draftsman

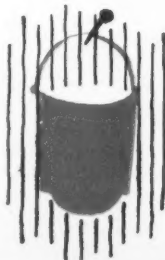
It Ain't Necessarily So

If you throw a match into a kerosene-soaked pile of excelsior, will it cause a fire? No—the match may not be lighted. So it ain't necessarily so. Of the statements in the quiz below, some are always true, some are not. Read them carefully and figure out which is which. Counting 10 for each correct answer, a perfect score is 100. Average is 70, because most people don't read carefully enough. Take it easy before checking with page 119.

1. If you jump off the roof of the Empire State Building and fall all the way, you'll be killed. Yes.....? No.....?
2. If someone throws acid in your eyes, you'll suffer pain. Yes.....? No.....?
3. If I can see your eyes in a mirror, you can see mine unless you're blind. Yes.....? No.....?
4. Anyone who claims to foretell future events with absolute certainty is a fake. Yes.....? No.....?
5. If your fingerprints are the same as those found on a glass, you must have touched that glass. Yes.....? No.....?
6. If an educated U. S. citizen, residing here for 21 years, is deprived of his vote he has committed a felony. Yes.....? No.....?
7. If you put your bare finger into a cupful of coffee, your finger will get wet. Yes.....? No.....?
8. It is a very unseasonable January day if the temperature outside is 90° in the shade. Yes.....? No.....?
9. If you mix a good blue paint with a good yellow paint, you'll get a green color. Yes.....? No.....?
10. If a \$10 check is certified by a national bank having a \$1,000,000 surplus, that check is as good as cash. Yes.....? No.....?

... And It Can Do Without Water

It is amazing that one of the most common of all things is neither animal, vegetable nor mineral. It is neither a solid, a liquid nor a gas. It contains no mechanical parts, no motor, no springs, yet it is always moving. It reproduces itself but it is not alive and never will be. It can be seen, felt and heard. It can destroy us all, yet we cannot live without it. While it is not part of us, most of us can produce it with ease. *What is it?* See page 119.



Rhyme While You Dine

Don't starve to death just because the bill of fare is all in French. Boldly tell the waiter what you'll have, pronouncing all the French words perfectly—or can you do it? Here's a test. If you can pronounce the French word correctly in each of the couplets below, you can select the proper word in the second line to rhyme with it. Count 10 for each correct choice, and score at least 60 to pass; 80 or more is superior. Answers on page 119.

1. A most particular *gourmet*
Was seated in a (small café, luncheonette).
2. The chef was proud of its *cuisine*
And always kept it looking (fine, clean).
3. There was a very small *couvert*;
It wasn't big enough to (hurt, scare).
4. He ordered an *aperitif*
Before they even brought his (beef, knife).
5. And then he chose the *table d'hôte*,
Of which the waiter made a (note, jot).
6. His first selection was *hors d'oeuvres*.
This order they made haste to (cover, serve).
7. And then he ate some *consommé*
In which there was a taste of (rum, bay).
8. He next enjoyed some fine *poulet*,
Which, as you know, is rare (today, to get).
9. He topped it off with a *meringue*
To give the meal an extra (tang, fling).
10. But didn't have *café au lait*,
"Because," he said, "I cannot (wait, stay)."

The King's English

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with F in the upper left-hand corner and spell *flay*. Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words. Par on this is 35 words in 30 minutes. Our word-list (page 119) totals 40 words; can you get more?

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| F | Z | O | G | R |
| Y | L | E | D | X |
| A | N | B | J | P |
| C | U | M | H | Q |
| W | K | S | I | T |

This May Be Your Lucky Game

Of course you're superstitious; isn't everyone? So you ought to know the particular superstitions attached to all the commonplace occurrences you encounter, the better to take advantage of the lucky ones and avoid the consequences of the unlucky ones. How many of the sentences below can you fill out to complete their superstitious meanings? If you're lucky, you'll get 13 right, but 9 is excellent, 6 average. Answers are on page 119.

1. You sing before breakfast, so you are sure to.....
2. Your nose itches you, which means that you will kiss.....
3. You forget something and return for it, so you sit down and.....
4. When your ears tingle it is a sure sign someone is.....
5. If you are a young lady and fall upstairs, you won't.....
6. You are glad your right hand itches, because that means you will shortly.....
7. Whenever you boast of your good fortune you must.....
8. When you talk too much and flatter everyone, you must have kissed.....
9. If your left hand itches, it means that you must soon.....
10. If you spill some salt you should throw a pinch of it.....
11. If someone gives you a knife for a present you should give him.....
12. If you drop a fork on the floor it means that before long a woman is going to.....
13. If a burning candle has its wick toward you, you'll get.....

Favorite Icebreaker of Radio's Mary Margaret McBride

Choose one of your more athletic guests and bet that, holding one of his hands, you can draw an imaginary circle around him out of which he cannot jump. It looks like a cinch to do a standing broad jump from a circle with a radius of no more than two arm-lengths. But when you draw the circle, he gives up without trying. (See page 119.)



Let's Shop for Christmas

1. (b) Surgeon. It is a knife.
2. (a) Baby. It is a petticoat.
3. (c) Machinist. It is a measuring device.
4. (b) Conductor. It is a stand.
5. (a) Cook. They are baking dishes.
6. (a) Accountant. It is a record book.
7. (b) Clergyman. It is a garment worn by priests.
8. (c) Mariner. It is for navigation.
9. (c) Golfer. It is a golf club.
10. (c) Draftsman. It is a designing tool.

It Ain't Necessarily So

1. Not necessarily. The main roof of the building is only 5 stories high.
2. No. Boric acid doesn't cause pain.
3. Yes.
4. Not necessarily. Astronomers can predict movements of celestial bodies far in advance.
5. Yes.
6. Not if he resides in Washington, D. C.
7. Not if it's dry coffee.
8. Not necessarily; in Argentina, for example, January is a summer month and very hot.
9. Yes.
10. No. Any check, even if certified, can be stopped or contested.

... And It Can Do Without Water

Fire

Mary Margaret McBride's Favorite Ice-Breaker

Draw the circle by running a finger around his waist.

Rhyme While You Dine

- | | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. café | 3. scare | 5. note | 7. bay | 9. tang |
| 2. clean | 4. beef | 6. serve | 8. today | 10. stay |

The King's English

- | | | | | |
|------------|-------|-------|--------|---------|
| albe | calf | flack | lane | shim |
| album | cane | flay | lode | sith |
| belay | cube | fled | lodge | smith |
| blacksmith | delay | floe | loge | submit |
| black | doge | flog | muck | suck |
| bled | dole | golf | mush | thimble |
| buck | dozen | imbed | musk | this |
| bush | clan | lack | numbly | unled |

This May Be Your Lucky Game

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. cry before supper. | 5. marry this year. | 10. over your left shoulder. |
| 2. a fool. | 6. receive some money. | 11. a coin. |
| 3. count 10. | 7. knock on wood. | 12. call on you. |
| 4. talking about you. | 8. the Blarney stone. | 13. a letter. |
| | 9. pay out money. | |

THE HOUSE THAT COURAGE BUILT

by FRANK LASKIER

The Seamen's Church Institute is a living monument to a fighting pastor who cleaned up New York's waterfront

IN THE DAYS WHEN great four-masted ships docked with their bowsprits arched across South Street, the Port of New York was known as the worst in the world. A man before the mast was an out-cast and unwanted; no laws protected him afloat or ashore. In dark alleys along New York's waterfront, sailors were robbed and exploited. To kidnap them was normal business, and murder went unpunished.

One daring and courageous man was to change all this. Today, the great building on the waterfront, known to seamen all over the world as "Twenty-five South Street," is a monument to his life's work. He was Dr. Archibald Romaine Mansfield of Spring Valley, New York, who grew up far from the sea and its harsh realities.

As a youth, Mansfield decided to take Holy Orders in the tradition of his family. But from the first year of his training, he was determined not to lead the quiet life of an up-

state parson. Instead, he planned to go out West as a missionary. To that end his studies were devoted, until a call came for him to go to New York and meet Benoni Lockwood, an old friend of his father's.

It was the year 1896 and young Mansfield was 24 years old—a giant of a man, black-bearded, blue-eyed, and with the husky build of a stevedore. In New York he walked the hideous rounds of sailor town.

Lockwood was on the board of managers of a seaman's mission—a chapel built upon the hulk of an old ferryboat moored at the foot of Pike Street—and he was in search of a man to fill the post of chaplain. Soon, Mansfield gave up all thoughts of the West and work. Instead, he accepted the post of chaplain and also that of superintendent for the attached mission house—a gloomy little hostel at 34 Pike Street. From here he watched the "crimps" at work.

These men, keepers of common lodging houses and worse, were unofficial masters of the port. Seldom was a seaman hired except by their say-so. Daily they set out in

small boats to meet ships as they entered harbor and on these journeys took women and liquor. Once aboard ship they would persuade the crew to come ashore and have a good time, knowing the men were penniless until the ship paid off.

The crimp footed all bills for this hospitality, and in a few days was standing at the sailor's side as he drew his meager pay. The crimp then presented his own account, which was paid on the spot. There was never an argument—the crimp had the backing of all shipping authorities.

Later, the seaman, robbed of the rest of his money, was left derelict upon the waterfront, where he either paid the crimp an advance on his first month's pay for another berth—or starved. There were ship's captains of such unbelievable brutality that no man in his senses would ever sail willingly under their command. These skippers went to the crimp and paid "blood money"—so much a head for each man clubbed or drugged and hauled aboard ship before sailing time.

This was the evil that Mansfield set out to conquer. With the first money he raised, he bought an old warehouse on Pike Street, inviting all seamen ashore to leave their luggage in his care and urging them to use the address for forwarding mail. For many a man before the mast, this was the first kindly treatment he had ever experienced on land.

The crimps laughed at Mansfield, but when the chaplain began to equip his warehouse and hostel with beds and reading rooms, it was borne upon them that he was in opposition to them as a man of God—and as a boarding-house keeper.

In that first year Mansfield also founded in the little hostel New York's first free school of seamanship and navigation. Yet while he struggled to raise funds and secure public support, the clip joints and deadfalls did a booming waterfront business. Jack ashore still had little coming to him but brass knuckles and knockout drops behind the bar, while out in midstream, hard-cased skippers waited to pay "blood money" for a crew.

Chaplain Mansfield, speaking from his many city pulpits, insisted that the welfare of seamen belonged to no one religious sect. Soon, women's groups were formed, benefits were held, and with part of the money so raised he bought a launch and telescope. From a vantage point on Staten Island, he watched tall ships enter the Narrows and



then set out to meet them himself, in opposition to every crimp in harbor.

He was jeered at, insulted, threatened, yet he met every ship. There was something of the ship captain in his look—the piercing blue eyes, the air of command. He cut through the riffraff of the waterfront, the cursing men and the leer-

ing women, and told sailors aboard ship that he was offering clean beds, good food and honest dealing. Before long, more beds were needed at the hostel.

Mansfield next decided to find berths aboard ship for the men who lodged with him. This was dangerous. Crew hiring had for years been the exclusive business of the crimps. But because the men from the hostel were sober and well-equipped, they were soon in demand. After all, a healthy man with a well-filled sea bag was a better hand aboard ship than a blood-spattered, groaning wretch in the bottom of a boat.

The crimps, determined to put the chaplain out of business for good, began the bloodiest war ever seen on the waterfront. His men were not permitted to join ship. Gangs lay in wait to beat them up; they were lured into bars and drugged; many were murdered. Ships swung at anchor in midstream, waiting for men who could not possibly force their way aboard. Yet through all this, the doctor fought on alone and unafraid.

THE CRISIS came in 1900, when the four-master *Benjamin F. Packard* needed a crew. Mansfield picked 20 seamen, signed them in front of a shipping commissioner, then sent them to the ship anchored in the East River. Crimps waylaid the men and beat them so severely that only three reached the ship.

The chaplain found more men. This second crew battled the crimps on the waterfront, then rowed out to the *Packard*. But there they were waylaid by still another gang as they tried to go aboard, and the

fight was continued upon the vessel's deck.

Police were called; and when the riot was finally quelled, an agent of the Shipping Commissioner was found dead on deck, six inches of steel in his back. This was sufficient for Mansfield. Armed with the facts of his own four-year struggle against intolerable wrongs, and with the example of a government servant killed in line of duty, he took his case to the pulpit and the newspapers, arousing the conscience of all New York. That year, he was instrumental in securing passage of a bill prohibiting crimps or their agents from boarding ships in New York harbor.

Any other man would have rested with this victory, but not Mansfield. He knew that although the bill had passed, there was no law to keep the sailor from going to the crimp as soon as he set foot ashore, for the crimp was a traditional part of a sailor's life. Seamen were without rights, privileges or franchise, and they went to the crimp because there was no one else to whom they could turn for help in finding lodging or amusement.

There was room, however, for more hostels in New York, and the chaplain built them—one on State Street and two across the river in Brooklyn. They were incorporated under a board of managers of the venerable society renamed in 1906 as the Seaman's Church Institute of New York. Edmund Lincoln Baylies was president, and he worked untiringly to aid the chaplain. Thus strengthened in his fight, Mansfield returned once more to the self-appointed job of eradicating the waterfront evils.

Active on the board of managers was a young lawyer who helped Mansfield immeasurably. Between them, they scored many impressive triumphs.

In 1904 they brought Federal legislation to bear against the crimps; in 1906, a law against the kidnaping ("shanghaiing") of men. In 1909 they struck at the barge-owners of New York, forcing them to provide railings aboard craft so that men would not be swept overboard. But it was the crimp who felt the full anger of these two fighting men. By 1909, New York's boarding-house keepers were licensed and forced to open their premises for rigid inspection.

Later in life, the young lawyer who so valiantly aided Dr. Mansfield sent him a photograph to remind him of the days they had spent together on the New York waterfront. The picture was signed "Franklin D. Roosevelt."

THE FOUR HOSTELS prospered, marking Mansfield's first great step toward an ultimate goal. In his mind was the dream of a great modern building, where a seaman could find good food and a comfortable bed. There would be a legal department to protect his rights ashore or afloat, a hospital for his health, a chapel for his soul. This edifice, in the heart of sailor town, overlooking all ships in harbor, would be dedicated to the service of all seamen, regardless of race, color or creed.

Mansfield, honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1911, had one very potent argument—the knowledge that a good sailor made a good ship—and he voiced

this faith across all New York. Ship-owners listened to this man whose black beard was graying but whose shoulders never stooped, and they gave him the money he needed. No philanthropist crossed his path without giving.

He projected the plan of the institute; himself, and arranged that each room, each bed, even the chapel chairs should be endowed. Indomitably he devoted himself to the project and in 1912—some 16 years after his first walk down South Street—he was present at the ceremony of laying the cornerstone.

While the ceremony was in progress, news came of the greatest maritime disaster in history. The *Titanic* had gone down in mid-Atlantic. Survivors, landed by the *Carpathia* in New York, were the first rescued men of the sea to be cared for by the institute in its temporary quarters. Their names were to head a long and tragic list.

Two years later World War I started and every resource of the building was called upon. To Dr. Mansfield, these were years in which to spread and find strength. And during the black Depression that followed the war, when ships were laid up to rot and derelict men walked the waterfront, Twenty-five South Street again became a welcome refuge.

Because seamen do not want charity throughout those years of despair, meals were provided at Twenty-five South Street for a token sum of ten cents. A bed was not much more. If a man could pay his way—well and good. If not, he could live on credit and pay when he found a berth. Meanwhile, classes in seamanship and naviga-

tion, in engineering and cooking, in every trade that the sea demands, were stepped up. The doctor fought to keep his men alert and ready in case of a job.

Never once did Mansfield lose faith in his men and his project. And in that faith he died in 1934. The greatest tribute to his spirit and courage lay in the fact that though he died—and in his death was mourned the world over—not one iota of his life's work suffered in his passing.

The "Port of Missing Men"—a department inaugurated by the Institute in 1920—continued to find missing seamen and reunite them with their families. The Marine Medical Service, brought into being the same year, increased in scope and effort. A radio station was built on the roof of Twenty-five South Street, where physicians flashed advice to aid the sick, far out at sea.

By 1939, sailors were ready once more to man the world's ships and deliver wartime cargoes.

In the days that followed, the pick of Allied merchant marine went down to the sea and met death without complaint. They fought and died in the creed of Dr. Mansfield himself—and never was a creed so gloriously upheld by men who had nothing to give for their faith but their lives.

They saw ammunition ships go up in a holocaust of flame and flying metal; they saw burning tankers stain the night with red; their bodies were washed up on beaches from Halifax to Houston. And those men who survived returned to the sea again and again, as though their ghastly experiences were nothing.

In the basement of Twenty-five South, a compartment in the baggage room began to overflow, packed with the personal effects of men who would never return. Here they left the beautiful ship models they had hoped to finish in more peaceful times. Here lay their precious papers—an engineer's license, a cook's certificate—or a new suit or a pair of good boots, the few possessions of men denied, even in death, the last comfort of six feet of earth.

WHEN THE WAR ended, the seamen returned to the shelter of the building by the waterfront—that pleasant landfall of the Cross. Today their ships do not carry explosives, but returning soldiers, peacetime passengers and food for the world's hungry. They stay a few days, catching up on sleep, reading in the quiet Conrad Library, or laughing at shows that go full swing in the big auditorium—and then ship out once more.

There is one man who first came to the Institute at the age of 13. He was a red-haired freckle-faced boy then; he had an enviable reputation as a stowaway—four ships and 20,000 miles in four months. The Seaman's Church Institute of New York—to give Twenty-five South Street its full title—rescued him from the Children's Court and, despite his youth, enrolled him in seamanship school. Then they found him a berth aboard ship.

Later he returned to the Institute to study for an officer's license, and still later was graduated from the U.S. Maritime School at Fort Trumbull. Now he has 200,000 sea miles behind him, and in five years afloat

has had danger as an ever-present shipmate. He wears on his blouse the ribbons of the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Pacific and the Middle East, together with the combat ribbon and star which denotes one ship lost. He is Chief Officer Robert Stapp of the U.S. Merchant Service.

Stapp never knew the dreadful squalor of the old sailor town, nor the ropes' end brutality of a drunk-

en skipper. He is too young even to remember the man who spent his lifetime fighting that these things should be abolished. But I wish the good doctor were alive to see Robert Stapp today. It would do his heart good to meet this trained and competent young man, symbol of thousands of other seamen who first found friendship and help inside the safe haven of Twenty-five South Street.



Presidential Firsts

★ John Tyler had to borrow money to go to Washington for his inaugural, and Franklin D. Roosevelt was the only president who forgot to endorse his check. He sent it to a New York bank, where it was accepted and credited to his account.

★ The first inaugural ball was held during President Madison's administration. The Tafts began the custom of having musicales after State dinners.

★ John Quincy Adams was the first president to wear long trousers at the inaugural and the first to have a billiard table.

★ The first president to have a travel expense account was Theodore Roosevelt. In 1907 Congress appropriated \$25,000 a year for the purpose. Congress later combined this travel expense account with household allowances. The total amount is now \$30,000, and the two funds are still combined.

★ President McKinley had his ship, the *Dolphin*, and President Cleveland had a Navy boat, but it was Teddy Roosevelt who had the first presidential yacht provided at the expense of the government for pleasure and recreation.

★ Coolidge was the first president to speak over the radio, in 1925.

★ People began calling it the White House when Andrew Jackson whitewashed the executive mansion. But the name was not officially changed to that until Theodore Roosevelt's administration.

★ Presidents before Harding usually wrote their own speeches. Harding hired Judson Welliver to write his speeches and messages. Now various aides contribute to the shaping of a speech.

Year of the Great Quakes

by VINCENT H. GADDIS

Fear and chaos engulfed a vast area in 1811 when the earth was convulsed by the worst temblor in America's history

IT WAS IN MARCH, 1811, that the Great Comet came. Considered by the Russians to have presaged Napoleon's historic invasion of their country, it flamed in the skies over the southern United States, so soon to be rocked and shaken by America's worst earthquake.

Stirred by some mysterious impulse, a horde of squirrels had pressed south from Indiana a few weeks previously. They poured into the Ohio River, swimming, clinging to drifting bits of wood. Thousands of lifeless bodies drifted downstream, mute warning of the terror to come.

Below the Mississippi basin, weighted by millions of tons of river silt that had accumulated for millenniums, lay the fault in the earth's crust, now strained to the breaking point. There had been slight previous stirrings—minor shocks in 1776, 1791 and 1795. And throughout the world other faults were active. In September, Charleston, South Carolina, was shaken; in October quakes had occurred in Austria, England and the Philippines.

In November the rains came. Day after day water fell from leaden skies, and damp misery

gripped the flooded Ohio and Mississippi valleys. In scattered cabins the pioneer farmers passed the time as best they could, waiting, waiting. But the rain continued to fall, the flood waters rose higher.

Then, at 2 o'clock on the morning of December 16, the earth moved. Settlers were awakened by an ominous rumbling that slowly grew in intensity. They hurried from their cabins into the night. A weird glow lit the sky as the ground swayed under their running feet. Dazed and bewildered, they huddled beneath trees as inanimate objects around them danced and groaned with a sudden life born of chaos.

Through the long night and the light of dawn, shock succeeded shock as the earth buckled and rocked. Centering around New Madrid, Missouri, the quakes were felt over a region of 301,656 square miles. A district of 30,000 square miles sank from 5 to 25 feet, while other areas were raised by similar amounts.

Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee, 18 miles long, was created. At several points the Mississippi flowed backward, changing its course for hundreds of miles. Huge waves sank dozens of boats and smashed others on the banks.

Rising and falling in sickening waves, the earth's surface split into



fissures, some half a mile long, and sulphurous gases poured out. Trees were bent until their branches interlocked into a leafy ceiling. Landslides swept furiously down bluffs and river banks, the entire cemetery at New Madrid being carried away into the river.

Several hundred lakes and islands were formed on a 300-mile front from the mouth of the Ohio to the St. Francis River. As the convulsions continued, some of these lakes, miles in extent, were formed or drained in less than an hour. Thousands of trees choked the river currents.

"When the tremors were felt," an eyewitness reported, "houses crumbled, trees waved together and the ground sank." Undulations "increased in elevation as they advanced, and when they had attained a certain fearful height the earth would burst, and vast volumes of water and sand and pit-coal were discharged, as high as the tops of the trees, leaving large chasms where the ground had opened."

John J. Audubon, famous naturalist, was making a trip through Kentucky at the time. He tells of awakening in the early morning when he saw "a sudden and strange darkness rising from the western horizon." This was followed by what he thought was the distant rumbling of a violent tornado, then

came severe shocks. "The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened quickly."

FROM A SCIENTIFIC standpoint the shock of December 16, 1811, was the worst in American history and one of the greatest on record. Only the fact that the district affected was thinly settled and that most of the houses were log cabins—structures well adapted to resist quakes—prevented a tremendous loss of life and property:

Nevertheless, an unestimated number of persons perished. Some were swallowed up in the vast crevices that split the rocking surface, many were drowned and several "died from fright."

The settlers, noticing that the earth chasms were running southwest and northeast, cut down tall trees and dropped them at right angles to the direction of the chasms. When the warning rumbling of another shock was heard, they climbed on these trees and many lives were saved.

The quakes were accompanied by rumbling sounds "succeeded by discharges as if a thousand pieces of artillery were fired," and by vast dark clouds of dust and vapor. Sulphurous odors saturated the atmosphere and impregnated the water for hundreds of miles around

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The quakes were accompanied by rumbling sounds "succeeded by discharges as if a thousand pieces of artillery were fired," and by vast dark clouds of dust and vapor. Sulphurous odors saturated the atmosphere and impregnated the water for hundreds of miles around

the New Madrid area, making it unfit to drink. An abnormal warmth and smokiness was observed at Jeffersonville, Indiana, for several days after the shock, and at Columbia, South Carolina, the air was affected by obnoxious vapors for some time.

Flashes of light and "glows" were reported from several points in the shaken area. Some of these flashes were observed in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia. Residents in Livingston County, Missouri, noticed a "luminous atmosphere" in which objects were visible for some distance at night.

In the wake of the shocks came privation and suffering. In the New Madrid area practically all livestock had been killed and food destroyed. Indian-style camps were erected, while provisions were obtained from the wreckage of several flatboats, New Orleans bound, that had been driven into the bayou near the village.

The land had been ruined, delaying the development of eastern Missouri for 50 years. It was a country of chasms and splintered

trees. Vast regions were covered with white sand. One by one, discouraged inhabitants drifted away to make new homes for themselves further west.

Then, slowly, the region became normal again. Flood waters and rain beat the sand back into the earth or carried it away. The chasms filled and fallen trees were destroyed. From the east came new residents to clear the farmlands. Constant shifting of the river channel, however, forced the moving of New Madrid four times before the Civil War. But despite the tricks of the temperamental Mississippi, despite intermittent floods, New Madrid and its neighboring towns still stand today.

No one can estimate the loss of life and property that would result if shocks as great as those of 1811 were to convulse the earth today. Man, in his study of the atom, now probes close to the very core of the universe. Yet he stands helpless before the titanic vagaries of Nature as the earth's surface constantly shrinks, grows, and undergoes tremendous changes.



The Perfect Gift

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE, little Babs, granddaughter of Mary Roberts Rinehart, was out riding with her famous grandmother when they passed a large orphan home.

"That," pointed out Mrs. Rinehart, "is a place where little boys and girls live who haven't any fathers and mothers. Would you like to visit them and take them something nice for Christmas?"

Babs looked hard at the great building.

"Yes," the child finally agreed, "I'd like to do that." She pondered a moment, then added, "I think I would like to take them some fathers and mothers."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

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The carolers sing of Christmas

... reminding us it's once more time to begin Christmas planning—to fix the Christmas tree—to start Christmas baking—to extend to friends and loved ones once again the warmth that comes with Christmas giving. ... and here is a unique gift that will express your holiday feelings month after month throughout the new year. Gay, colorful, friendly ... a gift of Coronet carries with it all the charm of Yuletide, plus a promise—the promise of pleasure to be renewed with each new issue in the year to come. From the very start, giving Coronet expresses your thoughtfulness and good taste. The beautiful Coronet gift announcement card which goes out to your friends is designed in the spirit of a real old-fashioned Christmas—personal as a hearty handshake at the holiday season.

FIRST GIFT COPY IN CHRISTMAS WRAPPER

Then—just at Christmas—sounding the keynote of the brilliant year-round entertainment to follow—the first copy arrives in a gay, decorative wrapper ... a gala package your friends will be pleased to display on the Christmas tree.

A YEAR-ROUND TREAT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

And the Christmas Coronet is only the beginning! For your friends can look forward to *11* more fascinating issues ... brimming with concise, informative articles ... timely, human picture stories of the American scene ... humorous bottom-of-the-page quips and anecdotes ... the cream of the best-sellers in condensed form ... brain-teasing games and quizzes ... and hundreds of other variety features the whole family will enjoy.

EASY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN AN ARMCHAIR

Yes, there's real satisfaction in giving a gift you, yourself, have found pleasure in ... and giving Coronet is so easy ...

... this year you can do your Christmas shopping conveniently and economically in the solid comfort of your favorite armchair ... and, in addition, ease the holiday strain on your budget by paying after January 1st. Take a moment now to fill in the handy gift order form on the next two pages. You'll not only be saving money—you'll be saving valuable time as well—and what is most important, you will be extending your friendly Christmas gesture over and over again throughout the next year.

SEE SPECIAL REDUCED HOLIDAY RATES ON NEXT PAGE



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order now to beat the Christmas rush . . . pay after January 1st

These rates are good only during the holiday season. So why not include a subscription for *yourself* with your gift order? If you're already a subscriber, your renewal will simply be added on to your present subscription. Just check the box opposite your own name below.

IMPORTANT! Be sure to print your own name and address in the first space below to insure proper inscription on gift cards.

GIFT ORDER FORM

CORONET—919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

NAME OF PERSON
SENDING ORDER _____

☐ Check here to include
your own subscription.

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ \$ _____ remittance enclosed.

☐ Bill me after Jan. 1st.

ENTER GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS BELOW

1st Send to _____

Gift Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Gift Card
to read from _____

2nd Send to _____

Gift Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Gift Card
to read from _____

ADDITIONAL SPACE FOR LISTING GIFTS ON FOLLOWING PAGE

to announce your gifts . . . a beautiful Christmas card



The warm, intimate family scene reproduced in miniature at the left is a Sheilah Beckett original—designed exclusively for the 1946 Coronet gift card which Coronet will send just before Christmas to your friends listed on this form . . . announcing the good news that Coronet will come to them on the 25th of each month of the coming year—with your compliments.

Your name, hand-penned inside the card, lends a personal note to the friendly spirit of your gift.

(SEE SPECIAL REDUCED HOLIDAY RATES INSIDE)
CONTINUE LISTING YOUR GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS BELOW

| | |
|------|-----------------------------------|
| 3rd | Send to _____ |
| Gift | Address _____ |
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STOP!

That Steak's a Fake!

by DOUGLAS BLAUFARB



No masterpiece of deception is too difficult for Mary Inman, an expert at producing foods *too good to eat*

THE MOST UNUSUAL "food" business in the world is run by Miss Mary Inman of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose Imitation Food Display Company turns out weekly a great variety of luscious-looking foods, none of which is edible.

Butchers and restaurateurs, refrigeration companies and photographers, scientists, salesmen and showmen, come to Miss Inman's factory for masterpieces of deception which all agree are the finest fakes in the world. If a juicy-looking turkey displayed in a restaurant has tempted you to enter, the fault is probably Miss Inman's. If a toothsome dish appears night after night in a Broadway play—looking fresh and appetizing at each appearance—Miss Inman's hand is probably mixed up in it.

Photographers come to her for photogenic food which won't wilt under lights. Motion-picture companies come to her for meals which can be served over and over again in different films. Hospitals come to her to make up sample diets so

the kitchen help knows exactly how much of each food can be served each patient. So far, she has never turned down an order because it was too difficult. "And I never expect to," she smilingly adds.

Miss Inman, who dominates the Imitation Food Display Company as any artist dominates his studio, is a cheerful, roly-poly person with deft hands who has been in the business of fooling people with food for 23 years. "I have no hobbies," she says. "I have no time for them. Outside of my work, I have no patience either. It's only here that I can be as patient as necessary." She was carefully lifting a lettuce-leaf out of a mold at the time.

Miss Inman got into the business of fabricating food after first deciding on an artistic career and attending art classes. Finally she became the pupil of a Dutch painter named Henry ter Linden, who switched to the preparation of artificial foods as a profession. Soon the challenge of imitating edibles captured Miss Inman's imagination, and when ter Linden died she bought his business. Ever since, she has been on her own.

Today, with the help of four as-

sistants trained by herself, she operates her factory in a Brooklyn loft, stuffed with material and equipment which give it the look of a kitchen combined with an alchemist's establishment. Wherever one looks, there is food—most of it not for eating.

One table is covered with exotic-looking sandwiches, a shiny olive in the center of each. On the floor are a dozen pork roasts, looking strangely pale without their make-up. The shelves are lined with cartons containing finished foods—chocolate eclairs, mashed potatoes, lamb chops, orange juice, dozens of other staples. There is a kitchen with a stove in which real food is cooked, so that Miss Inman and her helpers can have fresh models to work from.

"This method has its disadvantages," she says regretfully. "We're all too fat from eating what we use for models."

The various items of fake food are painstakingly sculptured, and permanent molds made which can be used over and over. The final copies are cast in paraffin. Then comes the job of coloring and finishing, which is the key to perfect imitation. Here is where Miss Inman's art comes in.

She has perfected methods of getting a dewy, crisp look onto celery stalks, of putting just the right cool creaminess onto ice cream, of making a paraffin turkey glisten with the look of warm juice. Her own dog and cat—which have the freedom of her factory—are among the most frequent victims of her skill. Both have a cynical outlook on life, a result of being taken in too often by the realistic cuts of

"fresh meat" lying about the place.

This same realism created difficulties for some of Miss Inman's customers during the war. More than once, butchers who displayed her artificial meats had to fight off angry customers who didn't believe the shelves could be bare when such lovely-looking steaks and hams sat in the window. Miss Inman also learned that one hungry department-store employee was caught in the act of stealing an artificial steak from a houseware display.

EVEN AFTER 23 YEARS, Miss Inman still finds excitement in her business. "Every day there's something new," she says. There was, for instance, the display of bread moulds and how they form, ordered by Du Pont to familiarize research men with the mould-forming process when the company was first pondering penicillin production. She also likes to recall an order for honeycombs with honey dripping from them, and the human brain she made for a college professor who wanted a very lifelike model.

The Philadelphia Museum owns another Inman masterpiece—a display of the process involved in making Swiss cheese—from the milk to the holes—created originally for a World's Fair exhibit. Then there was the great baked fish created for the Ethel Barrymore play *Embezzled Heaven*. This particular fish put in two appearances, one in original splendor as it was whisked offstage into the dining-room; and then again on its return to the kitchen, a mere carcass of bones and skin, surrounded by squeezed lemons and bits of parsley. Both plat-

ters were products of the Inman factory.

Among the Inman customers have been the refrigerator companies, which are constantly ordering whole sets of food, from soup to nuts, to present tempting pictures in their advertisements. Food stores of all kinds also call on her as do Hollywood and Broadway.

Miss Inman's list of customers includes a few unexpected entries, too—such as stores which buy imitation foods to display food-handling utensils. The town of Arlington, Virginia, once came to her for a full set of Smithfield hams to hang in

the Arlington Mansion smokehouse. And Miss Inman is still wondering what the Duchess of Windsor does with the artificial food items she orders through an agent—always specifying that they be unpainted, so that she can paint them herself.

Looking to the future, Miss Inman sees a growing trend to frozen-food imitations—ordered by distributors who want to educate the public. Peering further into the future, Miss Inman shakes her head. "When I die," she says, "the business will die with me. No one else will be crazy enough to keep it going the way I do."

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FREE LOANS FOR THE POOR

by ROBERT M. HYATT



For 54 years, a unique but little-known philanthropic agency has been helping new Americans to become better citizens

ON A WINTRY EVENING in 1892, eleven obscure men met in little Wilner Synagogue on Henry Street in New York, and launched one of the strangest financial institutions in America.

They were immigrants, these eleven men, getting started in a new land with little money. They knew of other immigrants with still less money. So they raised \$95 among themselves to make small loans with no security, no interest, no red tape. Thus began the Hebrew Free Loan Society of New York, which in 54 years has loaned \$40,000,000 to 700,000 persons.

The "Poor Man's Bank," as philanthropist Jacob H. Schiff named the institution, is not a bank at all, since it accepts no deposits and does not lend to those who can deal with regular financial sources. It owns no stocks, bonds, mortgages or similar investments, other than War Bonds.

It has never earned or paid a dividend, or suffered a capital loss. Its officers and directors serve with-

out pay. Its sole business is that of making absolutely free loans in sums from \$5 to \$500. Its borrowers have no credit rating; many don't even hold a job. Yet the Society's losses are infinitesimal, ranging from one tenth to one half of one per cent annually—striking evidence that most men are honest.

Although founded and administered by Jews, the Society's funds are loaned to people of every race, nationality and creed. While it is religious in origin, the "Poor Man's Bank" fulfills an ancient law in Exodus: "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury."

The procedure for obtaining a loan is simple. The applicant merely fills out a form and is asked to furnish one or two endorsers, depending on the amount of the loan. The Society asks no questions about the borrower's reliability or resources. If responsible endorsers are willing to vouch for him, the risk is negligible.

Basic principle behind the free-loan idea is to help dependent people become self-supporting and

to sustain those in danger of losing their economic independence. But what is more important, the activities of the Society have often made possible a transformation from charity case to solid citizen. Many clients of the Society have since become its financial supporters.

In 1892, the pawn shop was the poor man's bank. But most of the struggling people of New York's seething lower East Side had nothing to pawn. So the Society's methods of raising money had to be ingenious.

Costs of operation, amounting to about \$1,000 a year, were raised by dues of \$3, \$5, and \$10 annually. The growing membership list comprised people like the founders—men of modest means who wanted to help their less-fortunate fellows. The loan funds were obtained from donors able to make one-time contributions of at least \$100. By the end of 1896, these contributions totaled more than \$5,000.

The loans granted were small indeed—not more than \$10, on a note endorsed by a businessman, to be paid back in ten weekly installments. What could be achieved with such small loans? Certainly no miracle of rehabilitation. But in the '90s, a dollar went a long way. A man might purchase a pushcart, buy enough stock for a week's peddling, and show a small profit.

In the first five years the Society showed losses of only \$350, after making thousands of loans. Some 5,000 would-be borrowers were turned away, 3,500 of them because the sums required were too large. This was a factor in increasing the maximum loan to \$25 in 1897.

In 1908, in order to handle loans

in excess of capital funds, the Society decided to borrow from commercial banks, paying the interest with membership dues. During World War I, the need for larger loans became even more urgent and in 1919 the maximum was set at \$500, where it stands today.

AFTER MORE THAN half a century of operation, the workings of the Society are still almost unknown to all but a small group of contributors. Yet through the years it has been looked upon by those making their first acquaintance with it as one of the world's wonders: a philanthropic institution run on business principles—a successful bank operated for philanthropic purposes.

When Dr. L. Zinsler was president of the Society, he tried to interest a New York banker in the unique enterprise of being charitable to the poor. The banker was impressed. But when Dr. Zinsler asked him to enroll as a donor, patron or member, he refused, asserting that among those who had joined there was not one of New York's socially prominent "Four Hundred."

Zinsler was persistent. "Our patrons and members," he explained, "are descendants in a straight line of Adam and Eve and we are the children of God."

But the plea failed. Later Zinsler recalled: "The banker did not catch on to my moral and I did not catch on to his money."

For ten years, one Society director received a check for \$500 on the same annual date. Always the same sum appeared on the contribution—\$500—always on the same

day. It came from a man and his wife who years before had entered his office. They were not the usual type of borrowers; rather, genteel poor who had seen better days.

The man had been frank in his approach, the woman in tears. His business had been hit by hard times. Refusing to go into bankruptcy to save something for himself, he had paid his creditors with his last dollars. Now he was broke. He wanted to start all over again.

While his wife wept softly, he said to her: "Martha, we have lost nothing. We have as much today as when we started out together 30 years ago, and we are not likely ever to have less than that."

The man got his \$500 loan. Quickly he paid it back. Two years later his business was flourishing. And from that time on, each year he sent his check for \$500 in appreciation of a great favor.

How do borrowers find their way

to the doors of this little-known institution? Schools and universities send students; welfare organizations and Catholic and Protestant missions send others. The National Refugee Service and the American Committee for Christian German Refugees send refugees under a special arrangement. But by far the largest number find their way after hearing of the organization from those who have been benefited in the past.

Many early borrowers are important names today in every field of endeavor. Save for the kindness and understanding of a small group of men, they might have been engulfed in the poverty and defeat of their lowly beginnings. Many more are simply "names" in the Society's vast card files—names of men and women who asked only for a modest foothold in a strange land, and used it to make better American citizens of themselves.




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 Condensed Book

Unlocking Adventure

by CHARLES COURTNEY

Like something out of Jules Verne are these fantastic experiences of a master locksmith who lives with danger. *Unlocking Adventure* is a book packed with excitement, a book that you won't soon forget. Through its thrilling pages you share the author's breath-taking scrapes with death as he tackles each hazardous new assignment.



Unlocking Adventure

by CHARLES COURTNEY



Charles Courtney, famed New York locksmith, is the world's highest paid legal yeggman. His fingers, which have been insured for as much as \$100,000, have performed deeds as fantastic as they are nerve-tingling. Here is the true and absorbing story of a man who lives by, and for, the kind of adventure that is truly out of this world.

I HAVE AN ARROGANT pair of hands. Whether they are making way for a doctor by picking the door lock behind which a frightened girl is dying in childbirth, or ferreting at the secret bolts of the chest in which Queen Isabella kept the jewels that financed Columbus, they are always leading me into unpredictable adventures. Some of these adventures are fantastic; others, spine-freezing; and most of them profitable.

From my earliest memory my fingers molested every lock, watch or motor within reach. They strewed my childhood on a Virginia farm with dismembered gadgets, but they did not pick locks until my seventh year. Then they began by removing jam from the pantry cupboard with the aid of a drumstick, a paring knife and a file.

My father, a Frenchman from Lorraine, was a strict parent. But when he was in an expansive mood he let us play with two great iron keys that he kept in his desk. The keys, he told us, belonged to the Bastille in Paris. Father had inherited them from Jules Verne. He said his grandmother was the French novelist's sister, so my brothers and I calculated that Verne was our great-great-uncle.

To us children, Verne was a character out of a fairy tale. "Read us *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*," we always begged father. We knew it by heart, and I was resolved to become a diver some day and do the things that Jules Verne had dreamed.

True enough, I have gone down into the sea and met adventures that Verne would have seized upon as plots for stories, but he would not have believed they were actual experiences. Nevertheless, they are recorded in the prosaic financial records of the U. S. Treasury, the Soviet Government and the British Admiralty.

When I was nine years old I ran away from home. Somebody gave me a ride to Marion, and there I

got a job as blacksmith's helper. When the smith saw I was quick with my hands and good at making keys, he often turned them over to me. He disliked locks, but their intricacies fascinated me. Before long I had made a set of picks and skeleton keys.

After learning something about locks in Marion, I went to Portsmouth, Virginia, because I wanted to go to school and complete my education. But soon, father took us to Germany to live with our grandmother, and there I became a locksmith's apprentice. Five years later I came back to America, to enlist in the Marines and see the world. In 1913, at the age of 22, I was honorably discharged, finished with soldiering and ready to set out on my own business.



I RETURNED TO Portsmouth to get work with a locksmith, then open up a shop of my own. But I discovered that locksmiths were no longer craftsmen as in the old days. Occasionally they got an order for a hand-made lock but usually they sent it to a blacksmith's shop. They rarely handled fine modern locks; most of the work was cutting keys or spending a dollar's worth of time mending a 60-cent lock.

I began looking around and soon heard of a new kind of job. The Merritt & Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company needed divers' tenders, and the work paid well. The company, working for the government or for large insurance companies, salvaged wrecked ships.

I went to work early one morning just as a stubby, broad-beamed ship was getting under way. We chugged out three miles from shore and tied up to a wreck. In addition to a small crew, there were about a dozen of us divers and helpers.

Each diver had two tenders. My partner Bob was a boy from Petersburg, only 19 but fascinated by the prospect of going down into the sea. He looked with awe at our diver, Tom King, who said he would just as soon use a saw under water as ashore.

We helped Tom dress. He put on two suits of woolen underwear, socks and sweater, then the cumbersome diving suit. Bob slipped on the copper breastplate and, over it, the suit. Then we both tugged at the lead-soled shoes, strapped the pieces of lead around Tom's waist—100 pounds they weighed—and tied the air and life line to his waist.

Bob picked up the helmet, a heavy copper dome with windows in front and sides. We screwed on the helmet and anchored it to Tom's belt. When he was ready to go into the water, Bob stood at the pump, watching the gauge while I tended the life line.

"O.K.," called the captain.—"Give him a pat on the top of the helmet." Tom slipped off into the water and I stood by the line, pulling it in and letting it out, following the bubbles as he moved around. His only way of signaling was by jerks on the line.

Hank, who was chief diver for the outfit, said this freighter upon which we were working was a tough proposition. She lay on her side at about 100 feet. It was going to be a long job to close up all her open-

ings. The salvagers would have to use plates and cement, calking the leaks, before they could turn on the compressed air, expel the water and float her to the surface.

King didn't like this wreck. Her decks had been loaded with lumber that had broken loose and settled around her, twisted and beaten by the current into an unbelievably complicated mass.

"Why don't you go down?" Hank asked me. "You'll get ten bucks a day and you might as well go as stay on board and nurse us."



I SPOKE TO THE captain and he promised to try me out. The first day I went over the side, my heart was in my mouth and my mind fastened on all the instructions I had received about keeping the lines clear and remembering the air valves when I took off, so I wouldn't come shooting back to the surface, my feet above my head.

"The first thing you do on bottom," Hank warned, "is to notice which side of your helmet shows brighter. Even when you think it is pitch black, there's always enough difference between the lighter and darker side to give you bearings."

Trying to remember all these things, I slid down fast through the blue water and into black water. Tom had warned me that the pressure would fill me with depression, maybe panic, but no one could have told me about the horrible feeling of utter desolation that grabbed me by the throat.

For a few minutes I was a lunatic being slowly crushed by a nameless black void. Somewhere beyond it, I knew, was God, but so far away He couldn't hear me call. Then the pressure of the water on my ear stabbed me with pain. By the time I touched the bottom the pain had gone.

The long hull stretched farther than I could see and the wreckage was slippery. My job was to tend lines for Hank who was working with an ax, Tom who was using a saw, and a couple of others who were shifting lumber. Another diver stood with a submarine light close to their faces. They all looked like fantastic sea monsters in their bloated rubber suits.

When a pile was freed, Hank signaled for the grab. We guided it to its load, then stood away while it rose through the water with the crisscrossed weed-draped mass. In a few minutes we felt a reverberation, magnified by the water until it was almost loud enough to burst the eardrums. When the water became oily with weeds and mud, we knew the crane had dropped the load in the water farther away, clear of the wreck.

After an hour we were pulled up gradually and put into the decompression chamber. In this sealed room, filled with air at the pressure which we had met under water, we traded stories until we had gradually expelled the nitrogen from our tissues. We were a lean and brawny lot, trained down like athletes, without an ounce of superfluous fat.

Hank was always lecturing us on keeping fit. There were too many examples around us of the damage

the sea could inflict on divers. Old Man Aarons, watchman on the dock, wasn't really old, but he had been twisted with rheumatism and deaf since he was 25. He hadn't been too careful and the sea had finished him.

Others became blind or tubercular. If we got nitrogen bubbles in our hearts, it was all over in a few minutes; if we got them in our brain or spinal cord, we were seized with diver's palsy.

Pressure was our greatest enemy. For every foot we descended it increased, until at 300 feet it was about 133 pounds per square inch on our bodies—more than a boiler can stand. If our air line fouled and that wall of air collapsed which kept the pressure inside our suits greater than the water pressure, it didn't take many minutes for the sea to crush us to jelly.

Toward the end of the season I was getting tired. Ten dollars a day was good money when you got it, but in foul weather, when the current was running so strong we couldn't even crawl around the bottom, the company would not send us down. So I decided it was time to look for steadier work to make my capital grow faster.

DURING THE winter of 1913-1914, I went to work in a New York shipyard as a riveter. By autumn the yard was humming with the grim excitement of war, and we were working overtime, taking care of British ships that limped in for repairs. There I

worked for two years, until I met and married a dark-eyed Brooklyn girl, Dorothy Bowman. Then I went to work for more money, at the Morse shipyards, for I now had responsibilities.

One afternoon, after America had entered the war, E. P. Morse, the president, called me into his office. He knew I had been a diver and a locksmith.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm* had just come in with a new American name *Madawaska*, painted on her bow. When the German crew had interned her, they had locked every stateroom door and thrown the keys overboard. Morse asked me to make a master key for the cabins and pick the other locks. After that I was promoted to foreman; and unlocked the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* and the *Vaterland*, rechristened *Leviathan*. I liked this. It was my own work and I was getting somewhere.

One morning when I was on the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, working at the captain's door, I sniffed smoke. I stuck my head out of a porthole. At the same moment the fire sirens began to hoot. I ran toward the grand stairway and saw the head rigger gesturing to me.

"Hi, Courtney, the boss wants you to open a lock!" he panted. "Quick!"

Running back, I grabbed a few tools and a piece of wire and dashed after him. At the foot of the gangplank stood Morse, his face white and set. As we ran up the dock he shouted, "The shed next to the rigger's room. It's full of dynamite!"

The buildings behind the shed were already going up in flames and the heat was blistering, but

firemen were drenching the shed with water. It poured over the roof and soon I was as wet as a rat under a waterfall. With slippery fingers I worked at the lock, picking it with the wire. It was a good lock, intended to keep dynamite away from saboteurs, and the tumblers were so cleverly set I could not guess at them. Behind me I could feel the riggers standing—tense, boring me with their eyes, waiting to jump into the shed.

In about five minutes, they told me—although I would have said it was as many hours—the lock gave and I pulled open the door. A second later the men were piling over me to roll out cans of dynamite. The head rigger pulled me out of the way.

"Put on something dry," he shouted, "before you get pneumonia. If it hadn't been for you, the whole business would have been blown to kingdom come. . . ."

I worked at the Morse shipyards until the Armistice. Then in a few months the dry docks were as dead as a graveyard. This seemed the time to go into my own business, but most of my money had been spent on my family, which now included a daughter and a baby son. Should I take what was left and open my own shop on the chance that I could make a living at the work I had always intended to do? My wife voted for taking the chance.

Open for business! The shop was on 125th Street west of Harlem, practically in the center of New York. When I locked the door that first night in 1922, I had taken in 85 cents, and the next day the

earnings dropped to 60, but I was determined to see it through. Gradually the customers came in.

In that shop I learned the business and I learned people. Locksmiths fit into the scheme of modern life somewhere between confidential lawyers, detectives, firemen and police. We are called on missions to open safes or doors that more often than not are involved in dramatic conflicts in people's secret lives, jobs in which much depends on our trustworthiness and discretion. We must be ready to answer emergency calls with the speed of police, because we can never be sure whether they are real emergencies—people suffocating in storage vaults—or only inconveniences—a key locked inside when someone takes the dog to walk. Both are likely to have the same urgency over the phone.

When the U. S. Treasury went off the gold standard and recalled all gold coin, I was flooded with orders for hidden locks and rust-proof chests. It is amazing how many seemingly level-headed people were stampeded into hoarding, especially the middle-aged who had scrimped to save a little money for their unproductive years. A century from now, I imagine, many a gardener is going to blunt his spade on a buried box of gold.

Soon I began to sell locks as well as repair them, because I saw that a locksmith could not feed his family on repair work alone. I began with three Yale locks and waited a month to sell the first one, but it wasn't long before I was ordering the best makes by the dozens and then by the hundreds.

As business prospered I took on

one assistant, then another. Soon there were half a dozen of them, doing jobs all over the city. One morning as I was walking to the shop, I noticed smoke oozing from the top windows of a large apartment building. Running into the foyer I asked the superintendent if there was anyone in the apartment. Yes, a family with several children.

While he called the fire department I grabbed a fork and spoon from a drugstore next door, broke off the bowl of the spoon and hurried up the elevator. While the operator leaned on the bell I picked the lock, my fingers moist with anxiety. By the time the firemen came, we had dragged out of bed a father, mother and three children, all overcome by smoke.

After the firemen had revived them, I went on to work and found a call from Morse at my old shipyard. His office often called me to unlock the cabins of ships laid up in dry dock, for the Germans were not the only ones who walked off with keys. Passengers were always keeping them as souvenirs. When the *Normandie* came in on her maiden voyage, I had to make new keys for almost every cabin.

Then came another reminder of the old days as I undertook to get at the safe of the *Madison*, that had gone down in a storm off Cape Henry. Although I had resolved never to dive again, this time I was going down not as an ordinary diver but as a sort of undersea Jimmy Valentine.

My old company, Merritt & Chapman, was engaged in salvaging the boat, but they expected that it would be two or three months

before she would be afloat, and the insurance company wanted to bring up \$1,000,000 in money and securities that lay in her safe. It was impossible to get the safe on deck without blowing up part of the ship, so the lock must be opened under water. By that time I had a reputation as a lock expert and, although I had never tried to open a safe under water, I thought I could do it if it could be done.

The *Madison* lay near the shore in 60 feet of water. Feeling strange and awkward, I went over the side, but not until I felt the hull under my soles did my confidence return. I looked around curiously. The boat must have gone down slowly enough to give the passengers a chance to get away, because the lifeboats were gone and there were no bodies in the cabins.

All the valuables were in the safes in the captain's and purser's cabins. I worked an hour with legs braced on the slimy floor, and got the combination open. Quickly I stuck the contents of one of the safes into a leaded canvas bag and passed it back to the diver nearest me, who gave it in turn to the next one stationed to watch the line, and so on to the men who put it on the hoist.

When I climbed on board and came out of the iron doctor, the insurance agent and the salvage captain had sorted out the contents. It lay stacked in the captain's cabin, \$1,000,000 in money and securities. This was the first million that I had ever seen and it was disappointing: stacks of bills and packages of limp papers with water-soaked edges.

As I sat down to dinner in the

captain's cabin, I doubled up with excruciating pain. The doctor said it was the "bends." For days I suffered agonies, then the pain went away as quickly as it came, but it was my warning. I never intended to give the sea another chance.

SOMETIMES I speculated about the treasures that were locked away with the 21,400,654 keys that New Yorkers carried about daily in their pockets and purses. Since we take the trouble to do such thorough locking up, you might conclude that we are lock-conscious and know how to take care of our valuables; on the contrary, keys lull us into false security. The front door is locked; we have the key; we feel safe.

The two things a burglar can least afford are time and noise, even if he is an expert locksmith. Very few burglars are; most of them are bunglers who prefer to force locks rather than pick them. They make a living—if you can call burglary a living—from careless people who have a good lock on the front door, a cheap lock on the back door, and nothing on the cellar door but a 10-cent hasp.

If you install a good modern cylinder lock with at least five tumblers, you will be taking out the cheapest and most effective kind of burglar insurance. By a good one, I mean a bronze or brass lock, not a hunk of white metal or lead covered with a brassy wash. These will deteriorate with weather.

Yet the strongest lock is useless if

it is set in a rotten door jamb or a thin piece of trim with nothing behind it. Naturally you think of a jamb as a solid post, but you would be amazed at the number that are nothing but hollow frames. One such door can give easy entrance to a house that is otherwise impregnable. Then the lock is blamed.

But when it comes to safes and vaults—the kind used by banks—it's a different story. They are no easy mark for thieves. For instance. . . .

It was New Year's Eve. In the sharp light of the one bulb over my desk I was working late, examining a new lock-picking tool. A sudden noise caught my ear, the turning of a knob. Swinging around I saw two men with overcoat collars turned up, hats pulled down.

"Mr. Courtney?" asked one. "We want to talk to you about a job."

"But the shop is closed now. I'll see you during business hours."

"No, it can't wait." They were edging me back out of range of the front windows. I was in for trouble. Their hands were in their pockets; they were probably armed. The taller said briskly:

"You're a safe expert. We need your help. There is \$60,000 in the job and even after we split with the mob, your share will be \$10,000. Everything is set. Get your tools and come with us."

"But suppose I don't want the job?"

"You'll come with us and crack the safe, or we'll crack your skull," the short one snapped.

"No, I won't. I don't want the job." Facing the tall one, I kept my eyes on him while my hand

felt for the sharp steel pick. Closing on it I hurled it at him and shot around the desk to catch the other off balance. If I could maneuver toward the front windows, someone might see the fight and call the police.

The short man's pistol clattered from his hand and he went down under my fists. But at the same instant the other, who had pulled the pick out of his arm, leaving a bloody hole in his sleeve, jumped on my back. While we twisted and struggled the man who had flashed the gun scrambled to his feet.

Falling back with all my strength against the fellow who was holding me, I tripped him over the chair. We both went down with a crash, but he did not loosen his grip. His companion was punching blindly at both of us. One fist hit my nose, and I could taste blood in my mouth. Struggling free, I got to my feet when a blow from the second bandit flattened me. Wriggling over to save my face, I tried to get up, but they were both on me, beating my head against the floor.

After that, there was a blur of flailing arms and pain. Some time later, the front door closed. Crawling along the floor, half blind, hardly able to think, I pulled the main electric switch. Then I was seized with a wave of nausea and everything was blotted out. When my senses began to register again, a police officer and the proprietor of the dancing club above the shop were leaning over me.

"Lucky you thought about that switch," said the officer. "You'd have stayed here until morning if Bert hadn't come down here to see

what had happened to his lights."

While I lay in bed nursing my bruises, I did a lot of thinking. For a long time I had regretted that the locksmith had been reduced to the ranks of the handy man. Now the opportunity to make money quickly was tempting him to sell his skill to crooks. Chances to pick up dishonest money arose every day.

After that I took no chances. When a handsomely dressed man and woman knocked at the door one night and asked me to help them, I went with reservations. They had lost their apartment key in the theater, they said, and my price did not matter.

At the door was a Rolls-Royce with a chauffeur. On the way to a fashionable address on Park Avenue, I told them I never picked an apartment door until the superintendent or elevator operator identified the owner. They insisted it was quite unnecessary, as the superintendent was in bed long ago, but when we reached the apartment I rang his bell.

When he answered, cross and sleepy, I told him the number of the apartment.

"Wait a minute," he answered. "The owner of that apartment has just gone to Florida." When I hung up the phone the foyer was empty. A few minutes later the superintendent arrived in his bathrobe, carrying a revolver, but there was no Rolls-Royce in sight.

Another time I was asked to go to a Wall Street office on a Saturday afternoon. Most of the offices in the building were closed, but in this one the staff was working, two girls were clicking typewriters, and

the office manager was there, a brisk young man who showed me to the safe.

I started to work, but somehow there was a phony air about that office. Whether it was the eagerness of the manager or the way the girls typed, I couldn't tell. Laying down my tools I tried to look discouraged and said, "I'm sorry, but this is a tough one. I'll have to go back to the shop for more tools."

"How long will it take?" the manager said.

"An hour."

"All right, I'll wait."

Going down in the elevator, I asked the boy if that office was open on Saturday and learned it always closed at noon. By the time I had found a cop and returned, the place was empty as a sardine can that a cat has licked. In these days no good locksmith will open a safe without first investigating, but the cracksmen think of new and more ingenious tricks every day.



"CAN YOU OPEN A safe like this?" Two prosperous-looking men with foreign accents leaned over my desk and spread out a diagram of a safe.

"Yes," I said, "but—"

"Oh, this is a legitimate job. The safe is in Europe and it must be opened right away. Can you go at once?"

I checked their bank references and was convinced the work was on the level. I guessed it had something to do with salvaging because it is "finders, keepers" with deep-

sea treasure hunting, and a salvaging expedition does not advertise its objective either to other hunters or to governments which might want to claim part of the booty.

Ever since I had opened the safe on the *Madison*, I had been approached by deep-sea gold miners, so I knew something about the business. Every salvager has a list of financiers—English, German, American, French, all nationalities—who are interested in a good gamble. Although I was familiar with the list of prospects, it would have been sheer guesswork to pick out the backers of this enterprise, even if I knew definitely that it was salvaging. I guessed that one of them might be Sir Basil Zaharoff, the mysterious "Munitions King" of Europe.

It was some time before I knew my guess was right. With my fee deposited in a New York bank, and a handsome check for expenses in my pocket, I sailed for Germany in the spring of 1932. Not until we were at sea was I given a sealed envelope of instructions. A single line directed me to the address of an engineer in Bremen.

When we docked, I went to the home of the engineer, one of the outstanding men in his profession, and learned that the job was to open the safes on the French liner, *Egypt*, that had sunk in the Bay of Biscay in 1922.

I knew about the *Egypt* and the jinx that had dogged salvagers who had tried to bring up \$5,000,000 of gold and silver bullion. The French ship that discovered her was nearly wrecked by storms; the second, an Italian ship, was badly damaged;

and the crew of the third had been so eager for gold that they had not moved her off far enough when a charge of dynamite boiled up under the water and tore her to bits.

Some chests had been opened with hydrogen torches, but the damage to the contents was so great that the salvagers had sent for me to open the other chests. They did not expect me to go down, but wanted me to give long distance instructions for opening the chests that remained under water. I studied their blueprints and after 24 hours had drawn up plans.

The engineer flew to Brest with my instructions. After a few days he returned with the news that two of the safes had been opened, but there had been no luck with the others. We flew back to Brest and went out to the *Artiglio II*, salvage ship anchored over the wreck. It was a dirty ship with a gang of some 40 divers in addition to the crew. They took great risks for miserable wages and the hope of a share in the booty.

In ordinary rubber diving suits they were going down to dangerous depths, and every few days there were accidents and fatalities. But human life was cheap and the lure of gold was strong. Their new deep-sea armored suits, specially designed for them by a German firm, cost \$20,000 each, so there were only three of them for expert divers.

When I examined one of these big, efficient-looking armored suits I broke my resolve never to go down again. I wanted to see what could be done with the ingenious tongs that were set at the ends of

the rigid metal arms and could be moved about by hands inside.

The divers helped me into the massive contraption, then lowered me to the hulk. The suit was good if I didn't lose my balance, but so heavy and clumsy I had the horrible feeling of being caged in an iron tube. It weighed about 900 pounds and I didn't see how a man inside could be much more than the eyes of the engineer who was running the winch above. Watching two chief divers in the other armored suits, I observed they could not crawl into holes to drill or rivet, saw, or cut with a hydrogen torch. All they could do was to pull, push, lift, assisting the iron grabs into position for their yank.

After making an examination of the safe, I was hauled aboard. On deck I instructed the carpenter to build an enormous blackboard and on it I made a diagram of the safe, marked it off in squares and indicated where the men should drill to release the lock.

For a week I stayed on board directing the work. Although I did not go down again, I watched this crew of untamed fishermen-divers brawling, fighting, stabbing one minute, crying like children the next. Naturally emotional, they were working under almost unbearable tension now that they actually handled the treasure. At night there was wine for all, and the relief of escaping another day of peril made the men either quarrelsome or melancholy. Twice during that week, a diver climbed up to the pilot house and jumped into the sea that he could fight no longer.

At last we finished hauling up

the gold coins, jewels and stacks of rupee notes. All over the deck, rupee notes were spread out to dry. With the tension removed, the reward so near, the men went wild. All the grudges and vendettas that had smoldered while they knew that they must work together flared up with such violence that the captain had hard work to keep them from slaughtering each other.

When I returned to Bremen with my host, I met Sir Basil Zaharoff in Biarritz, where we stayed in a luxurious castle. On the first night Sir Basil gave a dinner party for me. Around the table was a group of impressive financiers of many nationalities—Greek, Rumanian, French, German—all interested in undersea hunting. It seemed that Sir Basil wanted to engage me for a salvaging adventure next season. As I had guessed, he had been one of the backers of the *Egypt* venture, but now that it was completed his interest was centered on a new one.

In confidence, he told me his syndicate had discovered the wreck of *H.M.S. Hampshire*, British cruiser that went down off the Orkneys in 1916 while carrying Lord Kitchener and about 1,000 men to some unknown rendezvous. It was known to but few people that the *Hampshire* was carrying not only the famous British war lord but \$10,000,000 of gold to Russia to bolster up the Czar's wavering army. The currents were strong off the Orkneys, the weather was difficult. Already a dredge was at work digging at the sand that buried the wreck, and the salvaging could begin in the spring.

Sir Basil's brown eyes grew

brighter as he talked, and color flushed his cheeks. He was so persuasive he fired me with excitement. At first, I said I would make up my mind and let him know, but before we had finished a second cup of coffee I had promised that I would join. He promised that the salvaging equipment would be the best obtainable and the plans so carefully laid that there was practically no chance of failure. Two internationally famous divers were working out preliminary details and would get in touch with me. The fee was staggering.



SPRING OF 1933 came, raw and gusty. The two deep-sea divers were outstanding: Costello, lanky Australian who had brought up gold from many a famous wreck, and Mansfield from Norfolk, Virginia, one of the best divers on the East Coast.

Mansfield met me at Southampton, and after a hurried day in London where I took out a \$100,000 life policy, we left for Stromness where we were to join our salvaging boat, lying 16 miles offshore. Everything had been done with the greatest secrecy, because no salvager has a claim to a wreck unless his ship is actually tied to the hulk.

A small boat took us out to the *K.S.R.*, a snub-nosed vessel lying at anchor in a choppy sea. Captain Brandt, a gray-haired German with a competent air, met us at the ladder. He took me below where Costello was sitting over a game of solitaire. We had barely settled our-

selves when we felt the boat heading out to sea.

"We three, the skipper and the syndicate representatives are the only ones who know what we're after," said Costello. "The skipper has told the crew that we are a German outfit fishing for submarines. In addition to us there are several experienced deep-sea divers. The rest are a gang of about fifty ordinary divers, Greeks and Italians."

In the morning the boat began to cruise around in circles, darting this way and that like a pointer on a scent. Costello paced the cabin, nervous as a cat.

"The *Hampshire* should be just about under us. When we found her last year, I went down and fastened a buoy to her. She's so heavily armored that we're going to have a tough job. We can't use dynamite, and we'll have to be very careful with the torch or we'll explode the ammunition and send ourselves flying."

We felt the engines stop. The captain stuck in his head. "All right, boys. We've dropped anchor."

We helped Costello pull on a couple of woolen undersuits and pushed him into his diving armor. Then we lowered the stage. Soon Costello's voice came through the phone.

"Here she is, buried in the sand. Buoy still fast." Slowly we pulled him up and helped him out of the armor.

"Well," asked the captain, "what's the job?"

"The stern has settled. She's three fathoms deeper than last sum-

mer. There's a mountain of sand to be got away."

Then began a week of concentrated preparation, drills, instructions. First, the divers had to be broken in, as most of them had never been deeper than 100 feet. They were a hardy, reckless lot. I had seen their breed on the *Artiglio II*. During the last frantic week, they stayed down so long that several dropped dead with the bends when brought to the surface. When they were within reach of gold, they took the chance of torn tissues, ruptured nerves and frightful muscular pains.

Soon the salvage boat was tied firmly to the wreck and divers were working with sand-suckers and grabs, clearing a way to the breach that Costello had located the year before. Meantime we were busy above, checking equipment. On deck, we drew our chart. Costello outlined the *Hampshire*, showing the two holes that pierced her armor.

Were they torpedo or mine holes? Costello could not be sure. Of one thing he was positive: there had been no explosion from within, as rumored in England, because the edges of the holes were bent in, not out. When the divers cleared the opening, it was our job to break through bulkhead to bulkhead, until we reached the captain's cabin and the gold.

When the debris was cleaned from the breach, Mansfield, Costello and I went down to inspect. At 385 feet, there was light enough to see around. The hulk was slippery, but at that depth our big armored suits seemed to have no weight. Exploring aft, we stumbled over

skeletons. Where they were dislodged by our feet we saw a ghastly thing—arms, hands, legs on which the flesh had been preserved by sand.

For the next few days, we stayed on deck while divers worked into the hull. The progress was slow, as we reckon work on land, but every day the hammers came nearer to the gold. It was early April, the wind was raw, and I suspected that treacherous cross-currents were making hell for the men below. But the work went on. Every once in a while we heard a dull plop as a piece of armor fell to the bottom.

For days the divers worked, going down sometimes three times a day in weather so foul that they were risking their lives every time they went over the rail. Then, on one trip, I went down with Costello and Mansfield to open what we believed was the door to the gold. It was a bright Sunday morning, and we descended immediately after church, with prayers still on our lips. Climbing over the wreckage we unscrewed the dogs, attached the hoist chain to the airtight door and slowly pulled it open.

There in the sealed room were two perfectly preserved British officers staring at us! The water flowed in gently, lifted the officers from their chairs and swept them past us. Reaching out my hook, I caught a hand. It came loose from the arm and I was left holding it while the rest of the officer floated by. On one of the fingers was a signet ring. I dropped it into my bag, thinking it would identify him, and threw away the ghostly hand.

Glancing around for Mansfield

and Costello, I saw they were making for the door. When we reached the surface we were all three so shaky we couldn't stand. "I thought they were chasing us," muttered Costello, taking a long swig of whiskey.

The next day we were so jittery we didn't go down, but two other members of our group put on the armor to bring up papers from the captain's cabin. One of them, Gruber, was a good diver, but a gloomy soul. They had not been down 20 minutes when he called the emergency signal. The two British officers were floating about in the ship, pursuing them. It was fully a week before we were at normal work again.

We found the safes not in the captain's cabin but in the little anteroom beyond, six enormous strong boxes and a smaller one that was evidently the ship's own chest. I began on the smallest one, working for three days to cut the bar that engaged the lock. When the door gave, the light fell on splintered boxes disgorging gold coins dull and green with tarnish.

Bagful by bagful, the gold was passed back through several hands until the man at the breach loaded it on the hoist. With the last bag we packed the ship's papers. They had not been kept watertight, but some of them might be legible.

Gold at last! On board the *K.S.R.* the diving gang went mad. Everyone had gold in his hands and was shouting what he would do with it. In the captain's cabin we tried to decipher the ship's papers and code books. Yes, here they were, the orders for this expedition that was

to bolster Russia with England's greatest soldier and her gold.

After working steadily for a week, we found that in addition to paper money we had brought up \$300,000 in gold. This was only a small part of the salvage, but supplies were running low, so we raised anchor and made for Stavanger.

When we got there, our luck had run out. The *K.S.R.* had been hounded by a storm, the crew were fuming and cursing. But next day we put to sea again. Scarcely had the boat tied up to the wreck than Costello and Mansfield were over the side, only to find that the hulk was buried in sand. That meant days of work to clear the passage again. Grimly the divers dug a new entrance, heartbreaking work in competition with the currents.

One morning Mansfield decided to go down and see if the boxes were clear. His line fouled and he was slammed against the hulk and pulled up unconscious, but by night was well again except for a dizzy head.

Next morning the weather was still foul but we decided to risk going down. Forcing the bulkhead door farther back, we crawled into the bullion room where we found chest after chest of gold coins, 20-ruble pieces. The boxes filled with coins were too heavy to drag out, so Costello and I broke them open, filling our bags and passing them back to Mansfield. We had been working for two hours and should have gone up for new air, but the excitement of handling the gold kept us below.

Suddenly the water began to move to and fro. A cross-current

snatched us. The bulkhead door was pushed almost shut, leaving us in total darkness. I was hurled against the wall so violently I thought I was being torn apart. My left wrist broke and something crashed into my right side, stabbing me with agonizing pain. Hot blood ran down my right leg and a noise like Big Ben began to thunder in my ears, telling me that the air supply was giving out. Through the water I could hear the screams of the others.

For one hour we were trapped, waiting to die. The horror of that hour is so vivid that even today the memory of it gives me a collapsed feeling in the pit of my stomach. Fiercely I prayed God that I might not be left on this wreck, a skeleton to be kicked and trampled by other hunters for Kitchener's gold.

Then the current shifted. With all our strength we forced back the door and inched toward the breach. Suddenly I felt the horrible fear that I was going mad for lack of air. Detaching the cable inside the suit, I reached the top deck, blew the ballast water out of the suit and popped to the surface, hoping that the quartermaster on lookout would see me before the tide carried me away.

For about 20 minutes I floated, slapped about by waves. Then I heard the sound of rowing coming closer, every stroke vibrating through the water like a hammer blow. My iron coffin was too heavy to lift into the boat, so the crew tied a rope to the helmet and towed me to the ship where the winch dragged me aboard. When my hel-

met was pulled off I collapsed beside Costello, who lay on deck with a crushed chest.

We heaved anchor and raced to an English port where Sir Basil Zaharoff swore us to secrecy and rushed us to hospitals. For three days I lay on my back, living over in my delirium that hour of agony.

On the fourth day strength began to flow back into me and I asked for a barber. When he had finished shaving me he held up a mirror. I did not recognize the man who stared back at me; my hair was completely white!



WHEN HUMAN LIVES are involved, it is sometimes difficult to keep cool and work with unhurried precision. I have many calls to release a clerk locked in a vault or a child in a room, but those that hold special horror for me are cases of people caught in refrigerator safes. The most spectacular job of this kind came roaring up to my shop one afternoon with a motorcycle police escort. It was a big, refrigerated meat truck. As the driver pulled on the brake he leaped down and ran into the shop.

"My helper's locked inside!" he cried. "He's freezing to death and has the keys in his pocket."

Before he had finished explaining I was at the lock, a special one designed to prevent hijacking. In 20 minutes I let out the half-frozen, chattering man who had been congealing for an hour and a half. He had locked himself in, and the driver

had not missed him until a knock sounded through the insulation.

The clerk in the big fur store who didn't hear the time gong one Saturday noon and found himself locked in the fur vault was in a much worse plight. During the afternoon a cleaning woman heard choked noises inside the vault and called the superintendent, who phoned me. When I arrived the manager and a dozen or so of the staff were in front of the door, looking helplessly at the time lock that was set for Monday morning. There was no sound inside, nothing to indicate whether we were too late.

Yanking out the ammonia pipe that produces refrigeration, I called to the man inside, shouting instructions for tripping the time lock. There was no answer. I turned the combination for which the manager had the figures. The dog fell; the bolt should open if the man had heard me. If not, we would never get him out alive.

The door opened. With one impulse we surged toward the vault, but there was no one visible, only a pile of sables on the floor.

"There, there!" shouted the cleaning woman, pointing to a foot sticking out from some sables. Under them lay the man, unconscious. He had evidently found enough strength to trip the lock before climbing into his burrow. He was rushed to a hospital and recovered, although he had been a human icicle for five hours and a half.

For a display of ugly human emotions, I have never done a job that approached the one in a shabby red-brick house in downtown New York. The safe was the only mod-

ern thing in an interior that had not been changed since the Civil War. The old lady who had died had inherited the house.

Sitting on the edges of horsehair chairs, the heirs watched the lawyer throw back a faded curtain from the safe. There were five heirs: a boy and a girl in their early twenties who looked contemptuously about, a shrunken little woman in widow's weeds, a portly man with a red nose who had an air of the race tracks, and an elegantly dressed, middle-aged woman who sat stiffly erect in a corner.

When the old lady had died, the secret of the safe died with her. They were looking for the will, I supposed, but what is in the safes that I open is none of my affair. Yet it would not be human to be uninterested in the expressions I see on people's faces—eagerness, greed, fear, occasionally happiness.

For an hour I worked, while the girl smoked cigarette after cigarette and the widow sat protestingly with her handkerchief in front of her nose. Finally I pulled open the door. Then I walked to the hallway, but over my shoulder I saw the lawyer peer inside. He began to take out old newspapers, so yellow they looked as if they would turn to dust in his hands.

On and on he went, piling up newspapers while the heirs waited,

glued to their chairs. Finally he came to the end: nothing but newspapers! The safe was empty. Suddenly the man with the bulbous nose went over and poked the papers with his toe. The pile scattered, and from the pages a shower of greenbacks fell out.

In an instant everyone was scuffling and fighting, clawing at the papers, gathering up the bills. Even the elegant woman had dropped her silver fox and was scrambling with her white gloves. I did not stay, but I was told the old lady left a fortune hidden in the papers, one greenback for each day of the last 50 years of her life.

As I WAS COMING to the shop one morning in mid-December, I crumpled on the sidewalk. A neighbor picked me up and called a doctor. At the hospital they announced I had four ruptures.

So I spent Christmas recovering from four operations. It wasn't long before I threw away my crutches and cane. But Costello was in a Berlin grave, and Mansfield's ashes, according to his wish, had been flown over the *Hampshire* and scattered into the sea. Of the three, I was the only lucky one.

That's why I am alive today, still carrying on a business in which every cunning lock is a challenge to new adventure.

CREDITS

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Photos: Pages 27-34, Edward Rinker, Carson Pirie Scott and Company, Bliss Display Studios: 83, 84, 85 (top and bottom), 86, 88, 89 (top and bottom), 90, 92 (top and bottom), 93, Joe Clark, Black Star; 87, 91, Paul Berg, St. Louis Post-Dispatch; 94 (top), 97, Ewing Galloway; 94 (bottom), Bradley Smith; 95, Ralph E. Day from Ewing Galloway; 96, Herbert Giles from Black Star; 98, Bob Ghio; 3rd cover, Louis C. Williams. Illustrators: 65, 66, John McCormack; 139, Wm. C. Lauritzen.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and must be accompanied by postage or provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event that they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

Coronet

Vol. 31, No. 2; Whole No. 122

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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec.-Treas.; A. L. Binder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions \$3.00 per year in advance; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U.S.A. Semi-annual index available on request.

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Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

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This Month's Cover: When artist Douglass Crockwell of Glens Falls, New York, was painting the toy-shop window scene for Coronet's Christmas cover, he had no trouble finding models. His daughter, Johanna, and her cousin, John Bridge, were ready and willing to pose for him. But he did have trouble convincing his models that the toys were just to be looked at, not played with. For two weeks, while the work was in progress, the children gazed at the display with such delight and longing that in the end Crockwell succumbed to their mute appeal. He bought about half the toys and put them away for Johanna's and John's real Christmas.

Full knee deep in the snow,
And the winter winds are low,
Toll ye the church-bell and sing,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying. . . .

—ALFRED TENNYSON

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